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*From the folklore collection formed  
by Lucy Orne Bowditch and Charles  
Pickering Bowditch presented to the*  
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8

## **Old English Text Books.**



Old English Jest Books.

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Scoggin's Jestes,

FULL OF WITTY MIRTH AND PLEASANT SHIFTS,  
DONE BY HIM IN FRANCE AND  
OTHER PLACES.

*Being a Preservative against Melancholy.*

GATHERED BY ANDREW BOORD,  
*Doctor of Physicke.*

1626.

REPRINTED FROM A COPY IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM,  
THE ONLY ONE KNOWN,

*And Edited, with Introduction and Notes.*

BY

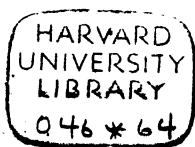
W. CAREW HAZLITT..

LONDON :  
WILLIS AND SOTHERAN, 136, STRAND.

1866.



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**SCOGGIN'S JESTS.**

## INTRODUCTION.

*The First and Best Part of Scoggins Jestes. Full of Witty Mirth and Pleasant Shifts, done by him in France and other places: being a Preservative against Melancholy. Gathered by Andrew Boord, Doctor of Physicke. London. Printed for Francis Williams, 1626, 12°, black letter.*

IN 1565-6, Thomas Colwell paid fourpence to the Stationers' Company for a licence to print the "Geystes of Skoggon," and we need not doubt that the book thus authorized duly appeared. These *Geystes* purported, at all events in later impressions, to be gathered together by Andrew Borde, Doctor of Physic, who died in 1549, and some of whose numerous works came (during his lifetime) from the press of Robert Wyer. It is to be remarked that Colwell, to whom the "Geystes of Skoggon" were, as we have seen, licensed in 1565-6, was Wyer's successor in the printing and bookselling business at the sign of St. John Evangelist, near Charing Cross; and there is room to suspect that the edition issued by Colwell was merely a reprint of an impression by Wyer, of which all trace is now lost. If Wyer printed the work, its publication was, doubtless, subsequent to the appearance of the *Dietary of Helthe* by the same author, of which there

were at least three editions about 1542, as the latter is referred to in the Jests as already in circulation, under the title of "Directions for Health." All the earlier editions of *Scoggin's Jests*, however, seem to have perished; and although an edition, 1613, 12mo., was in the Harleian Collection, the only edition now known, having any pretension to completeness, is that of 1626 described above. A chapman's edition, abridged from the latter, was brought out by Thackeray and Deacon about 1680, of which a reprint was made in 1796, 8vo. for Caulfield. On the title-page of a copy of ed. 1796, now before the Editor, are the initials W. H. I., which are conjectured to be those of W. H. Ireland, who not impossibly had some concern in the reproduction of this old tract.

In the present republication, the edition of 1626, of which the only copy known to the Editor is in the British Museum, has been faithfully followed. In Thackeray and Deacon's 4to, the language is often altered, and sixteen chapters, including (curiously enough) nearly all the Stories against the Clergy, are omitted. Anthony-a-Wood<sup>1</sup> asserts that *Scoggin's Jests*—"an idle thing, and *therefore* unjustly fathered on Dr. Borde"—were *often* printed in Duck Lane; however this may have been, not more than one such impression has reached us. As to the improper ascription,

(1) "After this book (*The Merie Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham*) was printed, there were other books of mirth ascribed to Dr. Borde, on purpose to promote a sale of them, one of which is that called *Scogan's Jests*"—Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* ed. 1813, i. 181.

Wood's word is not worth a great deal, for the author of the *Athenæ* sometimes spoke at random on these matters. Of the hero of these Tales, Holinshed<sup>1</sup> says:—"Scogan, a learned gentleman and student, for a time in Oxford, of a pleasant wit, and bent to merrie deuises, in respect whereof he was called into the court where, giving himselfe to his naturall inclination of mirth and plesant pastime, he plaid manie sporting parts, although not in such uncivil manner as hath beene of him reported." Bale, who calls him "alter Democritus," affirms that he was educated in Oxford, where he became Master of Arts, and that, in addition to his facetious qualifications, he was admirably skilled in philosophy and all other liberal arts and sciences. The same writer places him as flourishing in 1480.<sup>2</sup> It should be noted that there was another Scoggin or Scogan,<sup>3</sup> with whom our jester has been frequently confounded, namely, Henry Scogan, a poet, who lived in the reign of Henry IV., and wrote "A Morall Ballade to the Kinge's Sonnes," printed in the collection of Chaucer's pieces, and another entitled "Flee from the Prese," erroneously ascribed to Chaucer in Urry's edition, though given to the real author in a MS. in C. C. College, Oxford.<sup>3</sup>

(1) *Chronicles*, ed. 1587, i. 110.

(2) *Scriptorum illustrium Majoris Britannia Catalogus*, Sæc. xi. num. 70, ed. folio 1557-9. This date is corroborated also in one of the Jests, where Scoggin gives a man a bond for a sum of money, payable on the feast of St. Peter, 1490, for which he ingeniously contrives to substitute 1590, and so postpones the day of payment for a century.

(3) In Harl. MS. 367, is a collection of Poems described as by *John Scogan*, but *John* is clearly an error for *Henry*.

There are several allusions to *Scoggin's Jests* in our early writers. In Laneham's *Letter from Kenilworth*, 1575, the tract is mentioned as being in the library of Captain Cox. In *A Whip for an Ape*, (1589,) one of the Martin Marprelate series of pamphlets,<sup>1</sup> we have this passage :—

“The sacred sect, and perfect pure precise,  
Whose cause must be by Scoggin's Jests maintained.  
Ye shewe although that purple Apes disguise,  
Yet Apes are still, & so must be disdained.”

In the Epilogue to *Wily Beguil'd*, 1606 (but written and acted long before it was printed), *Scoggin's Jests* are thus referred to :—

“Quick judgments, that will strike at every scale,  
And perhaps such as can make a large discourse  
Out of Scoggin's Jests, or the Hundred Merry Tales.”

In a pamphlet by Gabriel Harvey, directed against his literary antagonist Nash, whom he here christens *Signor Capricio*, the writer says :—“And what root so pestiferous as that which in sugred baites presenteth most poisonous hookes. *Sir Skelton* and *Master Scoggin* are but innocents to *Signor Capricio* !” In 2 Hen. IV. Act iii. Sc. ii., Shallow relates how Falstaff, “when he was a crack,” broke Scogan's head at the court-gate. What Shakespeare's idea of Scoggin was, it is not very easy to determine; but there can be little doubt that the pranks and drolleries of the latter were the only qualities which carried his name down to posterity, even if Holinshed be correct in his intimation

(1) This tract is reprinted in Petheram's *Bibliographical Miscellany*, 1859, p. 33; and also in *Notes and Queries*.

that he was not quite so much of a blackguard and buffoon as the Jests represent him to have been. In a play, which they wrote for Henslowe in 1601, William Rankins and Richard Hathway introduced, side by side, the author of *Why come ye nat to Court?* and the hero of the *Jests*, just as they had been previously coupled by Harvey, and were afterward coupled by Jonson; but as the drama produced by Rankins and his coadjutor has not been recovered, it is impossible to ascertain what sort of part Skelton and Scoggin were appointed to fill.

In 1607, appeared *Dobson's Drie Bobbes, Sonne and Heire to Scoggin*,<sup>1</sup> the writer of which, in his address to the reader, says that George Dobson, his hero, "hath proceeded farther in degree than Garagantua, Howleglasse, Tiell, Skoggin, Old Hobson, or Cocle."

Ben Jonson, when he introduced Scoggin, as others had done before him, in company with Skelton, in his *Masque of the Fortunate Isles*, 1624, 4to. possibly had in his recollection the already-cited passage from Holinshed; but the question arises, whether the dramatist was aware that there were two Scoggins, to the latter of whom the adventures described in the Jests are meant to apply. Certainly, the portrait given in Jonson's *Masque* does not suit the jocose M.A. of Oriel, who is not known to have composed verses in ballad-royal or any other metre, or to have left any literary

(1) For an account of this work, of which there is a copy in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, I have to thank my friend Thompson Cooper, Esq. F.S.A., one of the Editors of the *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*.

remains whatever behind him; while, to a certain extent, it coincides with what is known of the earlier Scoggin. Warton says: "He [John Scogin] was educated at Oriel College, in Oxford, and being an excellent mimic, and of great pleasantry in conversation, became the favourite buffoon of the Court of Edward IV. in which he passed the greatest part of his life." In the *Fests* a good many quasi-biographical particulars are found, but how far these may be worthy of credit, it is difficult to tell. The *Fests* seem to record, in their own peculiar fashion, the history of a man of honest birth and academical education who, by want of money, is reduced to great shifts, and who is not at all scrupulous as to the means of gaining his ends. Possessed of a fair share of what was then termed wit, he obtains an introduction to a country squire (Sir W. Neville), through whose influence he procures a place at Court as royal jester, which he more than once forfeits by acts of misconduct, which offended the not very squeamish tastes of Edward IV. and his queen.

The *Merie Tales of Skelton*, 1567, open with a statement that "Skelton was an Englishman borne, as *Skogyn* was." *John* Scoggin is clearly here intended, and not *Henry*.

The two following notices of Scoggin are taken from the works of John Taylor, the Water-Poet, 1630:—

"And many more good Bookes I have with care  
Look't on their goods, & never stole their ware :



For no booke to my hands could ever come,  
 If it were but the Treatise of *Tom Thumb*,  
 Or *Scoggins Jest*s, or any simple play,  
 Or monstrous newes came Trundling in my way :  
 All these, & ten times more, some good, some bad,  
 I have from them much observation had."

Taylor's *Motto*, 1622.

"O were my wit inspir'd with Scoggin's vaine,  
 Or that *Will Summers* ghost had seized my braine :  
 Or *Tarlton*, *Lanum*, *Singer*, *Kempe*, and *Pope*."

Taylor's *Oldcomber's Complaint*.

In *London Chaunticleers*, a Comedy, printed in 1659, the author enumerates among the books at that period cried by the ballad-sellers, the *Wise Men of Gotham*, and *Scoggins Jest*s. It is not impossible that even at this comparatively early date the latter had been condensed into a chap-book.

In *Harry White His Humour* (circa 1640) the author, supposed to be Martin Parker, puts into the mouth of his hero the unimpeachable corollary that "if the histories of Garragantua and Tom Thumb be true, by consequence Bevis of Hampton and Scoggin's Jest's must needes be authentically."

At the trial of Elizabeth Cellier for libel, 1793 (see *Notes and Queries*, 1 S. vol. xi. p. 167), one of the witnesses observes :—

"I went to look for one Mrs. Sheldon, that lives in Sir Joseph Sheldon's house ; they told me she was in Essex ; I went to the coach to send for her."

Whereupon the Judge (Baron Weston) remarks :—

"Why, Scoggin looked for his knife on the house-top !"

It was for a *hare*, and not for a knife, however, that Scoggin looked on the house-top.

The following monkish epitaph on Scoggin is from Harl. MS. 1587 (fol. 193), formerly the property of Cardinal Pole :<sup>1</sup>—

“ Hic jacet in tumulo corpus Scogan ecce Johannis.  
Sit tibi pro speculo ; letus fuit ejus in annis.  
Leti transibunt ; tristes vitare nequibunt.  
Quo nescimus ibunt, vinosi recto peribunt.”

An account of Andrew Borde, from<sup>2</sup> the pen of Mr. M. A. Lower, is printed in Vol. vi of the Sussex Archæological Collections.

(1) In this MS. there are no fewer than five copies of the epitaph on Scoggin, and in Lansdowne MS. 762, there is a sixth, with five additional verses from a later hand, according to all appearance. The variations between these copies is very slight and unimportant. In four of the Harleian copies, the word *recto*, which is very illegibly written, has been corrected with the pen by somebody to *cito*.

(2) The probability is that there was a very slight difference between the Doctor of Physic in Borde's days and the character described in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* :—

“ Ther was also a DOCTOUR OF PHISIK,  
In al this world ne was ther non him lyk  
To speke of phisik and of surgerye ;  
For he was groundud in astronomye.  
He kepte his pacient wondrously wel  
In houres by his magik naturel.”

## THE PROLOGUE.

THERE is nothing beside the goodnesse of God, that preserves health so much as honest mirth, especially mirth used at dinner and supper, and mirth toward bed, as it doth plainly appear in the Directions for health :<sup>1</sup> Therefore considering this matter, that mirth is so necessary a thing for man, I published this Booke, named, *The Fests of Scogin*,<sup>2</sup> to make men merry: for amongst divers other Books of grave matters that I have made, my delight hath been to recreate my mind in making something merrie. Wherefore I doe advertise every man in avoiding pensiveness, or too much study or melancholie, to be merrie with honesty in God, and for God, whom I humbly beseech to send us the mirth of Heaven. Amen.

(1) The full title of this work is:—"A compendyoue Regiment or a dyetary of Helth, made in Moutpyllier, compyled by Andrew Boorde of Physycke doctour. Imprynted by one Robert Wyer, dwellynge in seynt Martyns parysshe besyde Charynge Crosse, at the sygne of seynt John Evangelyste. For John Gowghe, cum privilegio regali, ad Imprimendum solutū." Two editions, both different from the above, and both printed by Wyer, are in the British Museum.

(2) On the title-page to ed. 1626, and in almost all the references to him elsewhere, the name is spelled *Scoggin*, but here and throughout the *Fests*, the form is, with one or two exceptions, uniformly *Scogin*.

I have heard say, that *Scogin* did come of an honest stock or kindred, and his friends did set hin to schoole at *Oxford*, where hee did continue untill the time he was made Master of Art, where he made this Jest :

*A Master of Art is not worth a \*\*\*\*,  
Except he be in Schooles,  
A Bachelor of Law is not worth a straw,  
Except he be among fooles.*

A TABLE of the MERRY JESTS and WITTY SHIFTS of SCOGIN.

|                                                                                            |    |                                                                                     |    |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| What shift <i>Scogin</i> and<br>his Chamber-fellow<br>made to fare well<br>in Lent . . . . | 52 | of <i>Os[e]ney</i> was<br><i>Jacob's</i> father . .                                 | 68 |
| What shift <i>Scogin</i><br>made when he<br>lacked money . .                               | 56 | <i>Scogin's</i> scholler made<br>priest . . . . .                                   | 69 |
| How <i>Scogin</i> deceived<br>the Skinner . . .                                            | 58 | [What talke this wise<br>Priest and his Fa-<br>ther had as they<br>rode home] . . . | 71 |
| How <i>Jack</i> got his<br>dinner . . . . .                                                | 60 | How the Priest ex-<br>cused himselfe for<br>not preaching . .                       | 72 |
| How <i>Jack</i> made his<br>Master pay a penny<br>for Herring-bones.                       | 61 | How the Priest fell<br>asleepe at Masse .                                           | 74 |
| How <i>Jack</i> made of<br>two Eggs three. .                                               | 62 | How the Priest said<br><i>Requiem æternam</i><br>on Easter-day . .                  | 75 |
| How a Husbandmā<br>put his Son to<br>schoole with <i>Scogin</i>                            | 63 | How the Priest said<br><i>Deus qui [vi]ginti</i><br><i>filii tui</i> . . . .        | 76 |
| How <i>Scogin</i> and his<br>scholler wēt to<br>seeke his horse . .                        | 64 | How the priest was<br>accused for keeping<br>a wench . . . .                        | 78 |
| [How] <i>Scogin's</i> schol-<br>ler took orders . .                                        | 65 | How the parson said<br><i>Cumpsimus quæsi-</i><br><i>mus Domine</i> . .             | 81 |
| [How] the scholler<br>said, <i>Tom Miller</i>                                              |    |                                                                                     |    |

|                                                                                           |            |                                                                                     |            |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| How <i>Scogin</i> told the<br>hunter he had found<br>a hare . . . . .                     | 82         | How <i>Scogin</i> did draw<br>a Tooth - drawers<br>tooth . . . . .                  | 97         |
| How <i>Scogin</i> told his<br>fellows he knew<br>where there was a<br>Pickerell . . . . . | 83         | How <i>Scogin</i> did serve<br>the poor folkes . . .                                | 99         |
| [How <i>Scogin</i> sold<br>Powder to kill<br>Fleas <sup>1</sup> ] . . . . .               | 84         | How <i>Scogin</i> came to<br>the court and won<br>20 pounds . . . . .               | 100        |
| How <i>Scogin</i> drew out<br>an old woman's<br>tooth . . . . .                           | 86         | How <i>Scogin</i> leapt<br>over the Tables . . .                                    | 105        |
| How <i>Scogin</i> gave one<br>a medicine to make<br>one go to it . . . . .                | 87         | How <i>Scogin</i> gave one<br>a goose leg . . . . .                                 | <i>ib.</i> |
| How <i>Scogin</i> gave one<br>a medicine to find<br>his horse . . . . .                   | <i>ib.</i> | How <i>Scogin</i> desired<br>to sweepe a Lords<br>chamber . . . . .                 | 106        |
| How <i>Scogin</i> was<br>robbed . . . . .                                                 | 88         | How <i>Scogin</i> said he<br>had a wall eye . . .                                   | <i>ib.</i> |
| [How] <i>Scogin</i> par-<br>braked a Crow . . .                                           | 89         | How <i>Scogin</i> drew his<br>son up and down<br>the court . . . . .                | 107        |
| How <i>S[c]ogin</i> caused<br>his wife to let blood . .                                   | 91         | How <i>Scogin</i> greased<br>a fat sow . . . . .                                    | 108        |
| How <i>Scogin</i> and his<br>wife made an heire . .                                       | 93         | How the King gave<br><i>Scogin</i> a house to<br>do what he would<br>with . . . . . | <i>ib.</i> |
| How <i>Scogin</i> got the<br>Abbots horse . . . . .                                       | 95         | How <i>Scogin</i> played<br>horse-play . . . . .                                    | 111        |
| How <i>Scogin</i> b[r]ought<br>a Dogs-**** to<br>know what powder<br>it was . . . . .     | 96         | How <i>Scogin</i> let a ***<br>and said it was<br>worth forty pounds . .            | 112        |
|                                                                                           |            | How <i>Scogin</i> beg'd<br>five hundred okes . .                                    | 113        |

(1) Not in Table to ed. 1626. It is in Thackeray's ed.

- How *Scogin* would  
make a Shepheard  
aske blessing . . . 113
- How a Cowheard  
taught him his cunning  
in the weather 115
- How a Man told  
*Scogin* heethought  
the building of  
*Pauls* cost forty  
shillings . . . 117
- Of him that thought  
*Pauls* steeple so  
high that none  
might looke over it *ib.*
- How *Scogin* desired  
to say *Ave Maria*  
in the King's eare . 118
- How *Scogin* chalked  
his wife the way to  
churco . . . 119
- How *Scogin* desired  
[of] the Queen  
to know whether  
riches would not  
tempt women . . 120
- How *Scogin* escaped  
beating . . . 121
- How *Scogin's* wife  
came to the Queene 123
- How *Scogin* whined  
like a dog . . . 126
- How *Scogin* would  
flye into England . 127
- How *Scogin* prayed  
for 100 French  
crownes . . . 128
- How *Scogin* was new  
christened . . . 130
- How *Scogin* deceived  
a Doctor of Physicke . . . 131
- And a Tapster . . . 133
- And the Poulterers  
Wife . . . 134
- And the Draper . . 137
- How *Scogin* told a  
shoomaker he was  
not at home . . . 140
- How the shoomaker  
gave *Scogin* forty  
shilling to have his  
house made greater 141
- How the Shoemaker  
would have made  
his house greater,  
and brake downe  
the one side of it . 142
- How *Scogin* could not  
doe two things at  
once . . . 143
- How the French King  
shewed *Scogin* the  
King of Englands  
picture . . . 144
- How *Scogin* put  
french earth into  
his shooes . . . *ib.*
- How *Scogin* came to  
Cambridge, and  
how hee deceived  
the poore folkes . 145
- How *Scogin* talked  
with a fellow that  
kept oxen . . . 147

|                                                                          |                                                                                                   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| What shift <i>Scogin</i><br>made for Boots. . . 148                      | How divers gentle-<br>men came to <i>Sco-</i><br><i>gins</i> house to make<br>merry . . . . . 156 |
| How <i>Scogin</i> and the<br>priest prayed for<br>money . . . . . 149    | How <i>Scogin</i> fell sicke 158                                                                  |
| How <i>Scogin</i> came to<br>the Court like a<br>monstrous beast . 152   | How <i>Scogin</i> was<br>shriven . . . . . 159                                                    |
| How <i>Scogin</i> asked the<br>King and Queene<br>forgivenesse . . . 155 | Where <i>Scogin</i> desired<br>to be buried . . . 160                                             |
| How <i>Scogin</i> told the<br>Queenewhatagreat<br>study he was in . 156  | What <i>Scogin</i> said<br>when he took the<br>holy candle . . . 161                              |



## The merry Jests, and witty shifts of *Scogin*.

What shift *Scogin* and his Chamber-fellow made to fare well in Lent.

ON a time in Lent *Scogin* consulted with a Chamber-fellow of his, a Collegioner, and said : how shall we do to fare well this Lent ? The scholler replied : I cannot tell, for I lacke mony. Nay, said *Scogin*, if you will be ruled by me, we will fare well. The scholler answered : I will do as you counsel me. Then *Scogin* said : faine yourselfe sicke, and goe to bed : grone and cry out for helpe, and call for me to come unto you : which was done. And when *Scogin* came to his chamber-fellow, he fained himselfe sore sicke. *Scogin* asked how he did. I am so sicke, quoth he, that I think I shal die. Then said *Scogin* : bee of good comfort, I see no perill of death in you. O sir, said the scholler, you doe not feele the paines that I feele. I pray you, sir, as my trust is in you, keepe me, and go not from me, untill I am amended : for every Lent is unto me very evill, unlesse that I have some good cherishing ; as you see this little sicknesse hath made mee so faint and weak, that I cannot stand

on my legges, and I feare I shall pine away. Not so, said Scogin, be of good cheere, and pull up your heart; here be of your fellowes, which will take the paines to go to the Bowcers<sup>1</sup> of your place, to entreat them to take care of you. When it was known in the colledge, that Scogin's chamber-fellow was so sore sicke, some were afraid that it had been the pestilence, or else some other infectious sicknesse, wherfore Scogin was put in trust both for the keeping, and to doe other necessary things for his chamber-fellow, and had every night the keyes of the Bowcery and Buttery delivered, whereby he provided for breade and drinke, good salt eeles, salt salmon, and other salt fishes, so they did lacke no good cheere, besides fresh fish which came out of the kitchin.

This done, the fellowes of the place would that the patient's urine should be had to the physitian, to know what manner of sicknesse the patient had. Scogin, then being afraid that the physitian wold now know that his fellow was not sicke, said to him: we shal be both shamed and shent, except thou wilt suffer me to burne thy lips and singe thy nose with a candle, and then let me alone with the physitian, for I must have your water to him. Scogin did burne his chamber-fellowes nose and lips,

(1) *i.e.* Bursars.

and had his water to the physitian. The physitian said: he that doth owe<sup>1</sup> this water or urine is a whole man. Nay, said Scogin, that is not so; the man is a sore sicke man, and doth breake out about the lips and nose. Ah, said the physitian, a water or urine is but a strumpet; a man may be deceived in a water: and if he be as you doe say, (said the physitian to Scogin) then hath he a great heat in the liver and in the stomacke. Yea, sir, said Scogin, he dothe complaine of his stomacke. Then said the physitian: you shall have a bill of the apothecarie, and let him take such medicines as shall be there made. Sir, said Scogin, it is but a poore scholler, and he hath little to spend. Then said the physitian, for your sake it shall be but a groat matter; which when he had bought and brought home, he cast the medicine into the fire, saying to his fellow: I have deceived the physician, and now let us make merry, and fill all the pots in the house. After this Scogin shewed the Bowcers and the fellowes, how he was with the physician, and that he had sent the patient medicines: but for all that Scogin said that the physician cannot tell as yet unto what infirmity this matter will turne; but, said Scogin, I feare much the pestilence, which he said, because none should visit the patient.

(1) *i.e.* Own.

This continued untill that Lent was done, and on maundy-Thursday, Scogin said to his chamber-fellow : we wil make our maundy, and eate and drink with advantage. Be it, said the scholar. On Maundy-thursday at night they made such cheere that the scholler was drunke. Scogin then pulled off all the schollers clothes, and laid him stark naked ~~on the rushes,~~ and set a forme over him, and spread a coverlet over it, and set up two tallow candles in candlesticks over him, one at his head, the other at his feet, and ran from chamber to chamber, and told the fellowes of the place that his chamber-fellow was dead : and they asked of Scogin if he died of the pestilence ? Scogin said : no, I pray you go up and pray for his soule ; and so they did. And when the scholler had slept his first sleepe, he began to turne himselfe, and cast downe the forme and the candles. The fellowes of the house, seeing that Scogin did run first out of the chamber, they and all that were in the chamber, one running and tumbling down on anothers neck, were afraid. The scholler, seeing them run so fast out of the chamber, followed them starke naked ; and, the fellowes seeing him runne after them like a ghost, some ran into their chambers, and some ran into one corner, and some into another. Scogin ran into the chamber to see that the

candles should doe no harme, and at last fetcht up his chamber-fellow, which ran about naked like a mad-man, and brought him to bed ; for which matter Scogin had rebuke.

What shift ~~Scogin~~ and his fellow made, when they lacked money.<sup>1</sup>

AFTER this, Scogin and his chamber-fellow lacked money, and Scogin said : if thou wilt be ruled after me, we will goe to Tame<sup>2</sup> market, where we shall overtake, going or comming, some that drive sheepe ; now doe as I shall tell thee, and we will get some money. And as they went to Tame, they did see a man drive sheepe. Then Scogin said to his fellow : goe thou before, and make bargaine with him that the sheepe bee no sheepe, but hogs ; and when that thou hast made a full bargaine, aske by whom the matter shall be tried ; and say thou : by him that shall next overtake us. The scholler

(1) I know not whether this tale is to be found in earlier books, or related of any one before Scogin's time ; but it was one of which compilers of jest-books subsequently made a good deal of use. It is in the *Sack-Full of Newes*, probably printed as early as 1558 ; and in a MS. temp. Charles I. the property of J. P. Collier, Esq., George Peele the dramatist and John Singer the actor are made the heroes of the adventure, and the authors of the deception on the shepherd. This new version of an old jest was printed by Mr. Collier in his *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*, ii. 216.

(2) Thame, in Oxfordshire.

did overtake him that drove the sheepe, and said : well overtaken, my friend ; from whence hast thou brought these faire hogs ? Hogs ! quoth the fellow ; they be sheepe. Said the scholler : you begin to jest. Nay, sir, said the fellow, I speake in good earnest. Art thou in earnest ? said the scholler ; thou wilt lay no wager with me to the contrary ! Yes, by the bone of a pudding, I will lay all the money in my purse. How much is that ? said the scholler. The fellow said : I have two shillings. Two shillings ! said the scholler, that is nothing ; wilt thou lay half thy hogs and two shillings ; and I will lay as much against it ? strike hands, and he that loseth shall pay. Be it, said the fellow. Now, said the scholar, by whom shall we be tryed ? The fellow said : we shal be tryed in the towne of Tame. Nay, said the scholar, Tame is out of my way ; let us bee tried by him that shall next overtake us. Be it, said the fellow. By and by, Scogin did overtake them, saying : well overtaken, good fellowes. Welcome, master, said the scholler and the fellow. Master, said the fellow, here is a scholler of Oxford hath made a bargaine with me of two shillings and the price of halfe my sheep, that they be hogs that I doe drive before me. Scogin did set up a laughing, saying : alacke, good fellowe, dost thou thinke these be sheepe ? Yea, sir, said the

fellow. Alacke, good fellow, thou hast lost thy bargain, said Scogin, for they bee faire hogs. Then said the scholler : give me my mony, and divide these hogs, for I must have halfe of them. Alacke, said the fellow, I bought these for sheep, and not for hogs ; I am undone. Nay, said Scogin, I will be indifferent betweene you both ; let the scholler have the two shillings, and take thou the hogs away with thee. The fellow said : blessed be the time that ever you were borne ! hold, Scholler, there is two shillings. The fellow was glad he lost not his hogs, which were sheepe.

*How Scogin deceived the Skinner.*

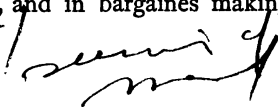
WHEN Scogin had brought to Oxford such things as he had in London, hee lacked furies for his gownes and miniver furies for his hood. Whereupon hee went to an alderman in Oxford, which was a Skinner, and said unto him: it is so that I must proceed Master of Art at the next Act, and I have bestowed my money at London, and now I have need of furies (as you know) ; wherefore if I shall have of you as much as shall serve me, I will content you with thanks. Then said the alderman : make your gownes and your hood, and send them to me, and they shall be furred as other

masters be. Then said Scogin : you shal have them within these two dayes, and then I pray you make me a bill, what I shall pay for every thing. It shall bee done, said the alderman. When as the gownes and hood were furred, he went to fetch them home, and said to the alderman : I pray you, let me see my charge. The bill was brought forth, and the sum did rise to six pound and odde money. The Alderman said : when shall I have my money? Scogin answered : within these seven weeks, or else the next time that you and I doe meet after the said terme set. The terme of time passed over, and the Alderman sent for his money. Scogin said to the messenger : have me commended to Master Alderman, and tell him, when he and I doe meet I wil contēt him according to my promise. So on a time Scogin went to Carfax,<sup>1</sup> and hee spied the Alderman, and then he returned backe. The Alderman made good footing after him to overtake him, and said unto him : sir, you said that you would pay me my money within seven weekes, or else any time after that we did meet together. It is true, said Scogin, my day is expired, but my promise is not broken. No, said the Alderman, so that you pay me my money now. Now ! said Scogin ; nay, not so, wee meete not together yet ;

(1) Old ed. has *Korfax*.



for now you did but overtake me, and when we doe meet, you shall have your money : but if I can, said Scogin, I will not meet you this seven yeeres, if I can goe backward. ~~Wherefore a plaine bargain is best,~~ and in bargaines making : fast bind, ~~fast find.~~



How Jacke by playing of the Whiting got his  
Dinner.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN the sicknesse was at Oxford on a time, Scogin went out of Oxford, and did lye at St. Barthelmewes by Oxford, and hee had a poore scholler to dresse his meate. On a Friday he said to his scholler : Jacke, here is two pence ; goe to the market, and buy mee three whittings ; the which his scholler did : and when hee was come home, Scogin said : Jacke, goe seeth me a whiting to my dinner. Jack heard him say so, and deferred the time, thinking he should fare ill, when that his master had but a whiting to dinner. At last Scogin said : doth the fish play ? Jack said : would you have one play without a fellow ? Scogin said : Jacke, thou saist truth, put another whiting into the pan. Then Jack prepared his fish to seeth them. Then Scogin said : Jacke, doth the fish play now ? Jack said : I

(1) See *Joe Miller's Fests ; or, the Wits' Vade-Mecum*, 1739, p. 21.

trow they be mad, or else wood,<sup>1</sup> for one doth fight with the other, that I have much adoe to keepe them in the pan. Then said Scogin : put the other whiting betwixt them to breake the strife. Jack was then glad, thinking he should get somewhat to dinner, and sod the fish, and had his part.

How Jacke made his Master pay a penny for  
the herring bones.

ON a time, Scogin did send Jacke to Oxford to market, to buy a penny-worth of fresh herring. Scogin said : bring foure herrings for a penny, or else bring none. Jack could not get four herrings but three for his penny : and when he came home, Scogin said : how many herrings hast thou brought ? and Jacke said : three herrings, for I could not get foure for a penny. Scogin said, he would none of them. Sir, said Jacke, then will I, and here is your penny againe. When dinner-time was come, then Jacke did set bread and butter before his Master, and rosted his herrings, and sate downe at the lower end of the table, and did eate the herrings. Scogin said : let mee have one of thy herrings, and thou shalt have another of mee another time. Jacke said : and if you will have one

(1) *i.e.* Mad. See Nares' *Glossary*, ed. 1859, *in voce*.

herring, it shall cost you a penny. What, said Scogin, thou wilt not take it on thy conscience ! Jacke said : my conscience is such, that you get not a morsell here, except I have my penny againe. Thus contending together, Jack had made an end of his herrings. A Master of Art of Oxford, one of Scogin's fellowes, did come to see Scogin ; and when Scogin had espied him, hee said to Jack : set up the bones of the herrings before me. Sir, said Jacke, they shall cost you a penny. Then said Scogin : what, whorsō, wilt thou shame me ? No, sir, said Jack, give me my penny again, and you shall have up the bones, or else I will tell all. Scogin then cast down a penny to Jack, and Jack brought up to Scogin the herring bones ; and by this time the Master of Art did come in to Scogin ; and Scogin bad him welcome, saying : if you had come sooner, you should have had fresh herrings to dinner.

How Jacke by Sophistry would make of two Eggs  
three.<sup>1</sup>

SCOGIN on a tyme had two eggs to his breakfast,  
and Jack his [s]choller should rost them ; and as

(1) This is a very common story. It is, in a slightly varied form, No. 67 of *A C Mery Tales*, and Johnson has introduced it into *The Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson, the Merry Londoner*, 1607. See note to *C Mery Tayls*, p. 96.

they were roasting, Scogin went to the fire to warme him. And as the eggs were roasting, Jacke said : sir, I can by sophistry prove that here be three eggs. Let me se that, said Scogin. I shall tel you, sir, said Jack. Is not here one? Yes, said Scogin. And is not here two? Yes, said Scogin; of that I am sure. Then Jack did tell the first egge againe, saying : is not this the third? O, said Scogin, Jack, thou art a good sophister; wel, said Scogin, these two eggs shall serve me for my breakfast, and take thou the third for thy labour and for the herring that thou didst give mee the last day. So one good turne doth aske another, and to deceive him that goeth about to deceive is no deceit.

How a Husbandman put his sonne to schoole  
with Scogin.

THERE was a Husbandman beside Oxford, and he would faine have his son to goe to schoole with Master Scogin, and that Scogin should help to make him a Priest; and to obtain Scogin's favour and good will, the husbandman gave Scogin a horse. Scogin was pleased, so that he would pay for his sonnes boord. The husbandman was contented, and Scogin pleased. The slovenly boy, almost as big as a knave, would

begin to learne his A. B. C. Scogin did give him a lesson of nine of the first letters of A. B. C., and he was nine daies in learning of them ; and when he had learned the nine Christ-crosse-row<sup>1</sup> letters, the good scholler said : am Ich<sup>2</sup> past the worst now ? Yea, said Scogin. Then said the scholar : would God Ich were, for dis is able to comber any man's wits alive. Scogin then thought his scholler would never bee but a foole, and did apply him as well as he could to his learning ; but he, that hath no wit, can never have learning nor wisdom.

How *Scogin* and his Scholler went to seek his horse.

ON a time Scogin had lost his horse ; wherefore in the morning he called up his scholler, saying : Will, ho. Will heard him call, and would not speake ; at last Scogin said : what, Will, I say, arise, and let us goe look my horse. Will said : master, hold your peace, vor ich am vast asleepe. What ! old luske,<sup>3</sup> said Scogin, arise and meet with me at

(1) Scogin's scholar apparently used a species of *abacus* constructed in the form of the Cross. Nares and others have entertained some doubt as to what was the exact meaning of *Christ-cross-row*, but the above seems to be the most reasonable theory.

(2) *i.e.* I.

(3) *Lusk* is frequently used by early writers in the sense of a *lazy fellow* or an *idle lubber*. See new ed. of Nares *in voce*.

~~Shotover (which is a great wood nigh St. Bartholmewes, beside Oxford).~~ Will followed his master with an evill will, they seeking, one in one place and the other in another place, for his horse. At last Scogin did lewer and whoop to him. Will said, as he was brought out with his father, what a divel will you have now? Scogin said: hast thou found my horse? No, I zay, but Ich 'ave found a better thing What is that? said Scogin. By my vay, said Will, Ich have found a bird's nest. Well, Will, said Scogin, mark the place, and looke out my horse. By my vay, said Will, ch'll marke the place; vor Ich have \*\*\*\* under the tree, and now would<sup>1</sup> Ich could find another bird's nest, for all your horse. Thus you see a fool will not leave his bable for a thing of better worth.

How Scogin's scholler tooke orders.

WHEN that Scogin had taught his scholler that he with helpe might be Subdeacon, he said to him: thou shalt goe to take orders, and I will goe with thee. And if thou dost stand in any doubt, take heed to my booke, and give an eare to me, and I will helpe thee as much as I can. When all they that should take orders were come to oppositions,<sup>2</sup>

(1) Old Ed. has *ch'ould*. See *Merie Tales and Quicke Answeres*, No. 28.

(2) *i.e.* Examinations.

Scogin did come forth with his scholler, and the Ordinary did oppose him with a verse of the Psalter, which was this: Moab, Agareni, Gebal, Amon & Amaleck, cum habitantibus Tirum. Scogin's scholler was blanke or amazed. Sir, said Scogin to the Ordinary, you shall understand that Moab, Agareni, Gebal, Amon & Amaleck, cum habitantibus Tirum, were unhappy fellowes: for they did trouble the children of Israel, and if they trouble my scholler, it is no marvell; but now I doe tell thee, my scholler, be not afraid of Moab, Agareni, Gebal, Amon & Amaleck, cum habitantibus Tirum: for I will stand beside to comfort thee: for Moab, Agareni, &c. can do thee no harm, for they be dead. By reason that Scogin did so oft repeate these words, the Scholler did reade this verse aforesaid; & through Scogin's promise, the Ordinary was content that the Scholler should take Orders, & be Subdeacon. After this, when the orders were given againe, Scogin did speake to his Schollers Father, to send in a letter three or foure pieces of gold. The schollers father was content so to doe, so that his son might be Deacon. Then said Scogin to his scholler: thou shalt deliver this letter to the Ordinary, when he doth sit in oppositions, and as soone as he feeleth the letter, he will perceive that I have sent him

some money, & he will say to thee : *Quomodo valet magister tuus ?* that is to say, how doth thy Master ? Thou shalt say, *Bene*, that is to say, Well. Then will he say : *Quid petis ?* What thing dost thou ask ? Then shalt thou say *Diaconatum*, to be Deacon. Then the Ordinary will say : *Es tu literatus ?* Art thou learned ? And thou shalt say *Aliqualiter*—Somewhat. Now, said Scogin, thou hast no more but these words to beare in mind in Latine, which is to say, *Bene, Diaconatum & Aliqualiter*. The father and the Scholler were glad, that by Scogins letters & the money he should be Deacon, & [he] went to the oppositions, & delivered his letter with the money. The Ordinary, perceiving money in the letter, said to the scholler : *quid petis ?* that is to say, What dost thou aske or desire ? The scholler remembering Scogins words, that the first word was *Bene*, he said *Bene*, that is, Well. When the Ordinary heard him say so, he said : *Quomodo valet magister tuus ?* How doth thy Master ? The Scholler said : *Diaconatum*, that is to say, *Deacon*. The Ordinary did see he was a foole, and said : *Tu es stultus*, [that is] *thou art a foole*. The Scholler said : *Aliqualiter*, that is to say, *Somewhat*. Nay, said the Ordinary, not *Aliqualiter*, but *Totaliter*, a starke foole. Then the Scholler was amazed, and said : Sir, let me not goe home



without mine Orders, & heere is another Angell of gold for you to drinke. Well, said the Ordinary, on that condition you will promise me to goe to your booke and learne, you shall bee Deacon at this time. Heere a man may see that money is better than learning.

How the Scholler said Tom Miller of Os[e]ney was Jacob's father.<sup>1</sup>

AFTER this, the said Scholler did come to the next Orders, & brought a present to the Ordinary from Scogin, but the Schollers father paid for all. Then said the Ordinary to the Scholler : I must needes oppose you, & for Master Scogins sake, I will oppose you in a light matter. Isaac had two sons : Esau and Jacob ; who was Jacob's father ? The Scholler stood still, & could not tell. Well, said the Ordinary, I cannot admit you to be Priest untill the next orders, & then bring me an answer. The Scholler went home with a heavy heart, bearing a letter to master Scogin, how his Scholler could not answer to this question : Isaac had two sons, Esau and Jacob : who was Jacob's father ? Scogin said to his scholler : thou foole and asse-head ! dost thou not know Tom Miller of Os[e]ney ?

(1) See *A C Mery Talys*, No. 69.

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Yes, said the Scholler. Then said Scogin : thou knowest he had two sonnes, Tom and Jacke. Who is Jack's father? The scholler said : Tom Miller. Why, said Scogin, thou mightest have said, that Isaac was Jacob's father. Then said Scogin : thou shalt arise betime in the morning, & carry a letter to the Ordinary, & I trust he will admit thee, before the Orders shall be given. The scholler rose up betime in the morning, & carried the letter to the Ordinary. The Ordinary said : for Master Scogin's sake, I will oppose you no farther than I did yesterday. Isaac had two sons : Esau and Jacob—Who was Jacob's father? Marry, said the Scholler, I can tell you now that was Tom Miller of Os[e]ney. Goe, foole, goe, said the Ordinâry, & let thy master send thee no more to me for orders ; for it is impossible to make a foole a wise man.

*How Scogins Scholler was made Priest.*

THE aforesaid Schollers father was sorry that he could not have his sonne made Priest, and made his mone to Master Scogin. Master Scogin said : you must get him his Dimissories<sup>1</sup> to be made Priest in some other Diocese : for our Ordinary will not admit him. Sir, said the Schollers father,

(1) Old Ed. has *Dimissaries*.

get him his Dimissories,<sup>1</sup> & make him a Priest, & I will give you twenty nobles. Sir, said Scogin, let me have the money, & it shall be done. The next Orders after, Scogin & the Schollers father & the scholler did ride all to London, & Scogin went to the Ordinary, & gave him forty shillings to have his Scholler made Priest. The Ordinary said : I must oppose him. Sir, said Scogin, my Scholler is well learned ; but hee hath no utterance ; wherefore I pray you, at my request, oppose him in *Te Deum*, & his father shal bring him to you. I am pleased, said the Ordinary. On the morrow, the Scholler and his father went to Master Ordinary. The Ordinary said : be you master Scogins Scholler ? Yea, sir, said he. Would you be Priest at the beginning of these Orders ? Yea, sir, said the Scholler. Then said the Ordinary : I must oppose you, & it shall be in *Te Deum*. I will begin, & answer you me, & say : *Tibi Cherubin & Seraphin incessabili voce proclamant. Sanctus*, said the Scholler. *Sanctus*, said the Ordinary. *Sanctus*, said the Scholler. Holde thy peace, knave, said the Scholler's father ; will you checke the Gentleman that is so good to us ? The

(1) Old Ed. has *Dimissaries*. A bishop's dimissory letter was necessary in order to authorize the transfer of a matter of ecclesiastical jurisdiction to a different district or diocese from that in which it had originated, or within which it properly lay.

Ordinary did laugh, and said to the Scribe : put this man's name in the Booke to be Priest. Goe, said the Ordinary, & come to-morrow, and the Bishop will make you a Priest ; which was done.

What talke this wise Priest and his Father had as they rode home.

AND as he was riding home with his father, he espied the Moon, & said : Father, this is like the Moone we have at home ; I marvail, said he, whereof the Moone is made. His father said : I cannot tell. Then said the wise Priest : it is made like a Cheese, & if it be a Cheese, I would I had a gobbet,<sup>1</sup> for I am hungry. Further he said : how may a man climbe up to it, & cut out a peece ? Then said his father : I would I were at home, for all the Moones in this Countrey. At last they came to Uxbridge, & there the young Priest had espied a Cowt\*\*\* lying upon a beame in the top of the house. Then he said to his father : here is a thing to be marvelled on :—whether the Cow went up to \*\*\*\* on the beame, or the beame came downe to let the Cow \*\*\*\* on it. Then said the Father : belike, one of the two it was.

(1) *i.e.* A morsel or slice.

How the Priest excused himselfe, because he did not preache.

~~AFTER that this man~~ was made Priest for money, his father had got him a benefice. Then the parishioners, where he was parson, were not contented that they had no sermons of him ; upon the which he went to Master Scogin to aske his counsell. Then said Scogin : Christmas day is at hand, and then goe into the Pulpit, and take this for thy antheme : *Puer natus est nobis* ; *Filius datus est nobis* ; *cujus imperium* &c. Then say : masters to you all, what is *Puer natus est nobis* ? and if no man will answer, aske of the Clarke ; and if he cannot tell, then say : now, Masters, to you all, what is *Filius datus est nobis* ? If none can tell, aske the Clarke ; if he cannot tell, then say : Masters, what is *Cujus Imperium* ? If none can tell, then aske the oldest man in the church what *Cujus Imperium* is ; if he cannot tell, then say : Masters, this man hath dwelt in this Parish this many yeeres, & he cannot tell what *Cujus Imperium* is. I have not been halfe a yeere among you, and you would have me to preach. I tell you all, by that time I have beene in this Towne as long as this old man hath beene, I will preach

& tell you what *Cujus Imperium* is. On Christmas day, this noble Priest went into the Pulpit, & said : *Puer natus est nobis ; Filius datus est nobis, cujus imperium.* Now, Masters, to you all, what is *Puer natus est nobis* ? There was no man could answer him. Then said the Priest to the Clarke : what is *Puer natus est nobis* ? The Clarke said : *A Childe is borne to us.* It is well said (said the priest). Now, Masters, to you all, what is *Filius datus est nobis* ? No man said a word. Clarke, what is *Filius datus est nobis* ? The Clarke said : A sonne is given to us. It is well said (said the Priest, although he knew not whether hee said right or wrong). Then said the Priest : now, Masters, to you all, what is *cujus imperium* ? There was none in the Church did answer. Then said the Priest to the Clarke : What is *cujus imperium* ? The Clarke said : I cannot tell. Then the Priest said : how long hast thou lived here ? The Clarke said : nine or ten yeeres. Then there sate before the Priest an olde man with a bald head. Thou old Father, said the Priest, what is *cujus imperium* ? I cannot tell, said the olde man. Why, said the Priest, how long hast thou dwelt in this parish ? The old man said : I was borne in this Towne. Why, said the Priest, how olde art thou ? The old man said : fourescore yeeres & odde. Then

said the Priest : loe ! Masters all, here is a Clarke which hath dwelt here this nine or ten yeeres, & this olde man hath dwelt heere fourescore yeeres & odde : yet they cannot tell what *cujus imperium* is ; and I have not beene here ten weekes, & you would have me preach. I tell you all, by that time I have dwelt here as long as this olde man hath done, I will preach, & tell you what *cujus imperium* is. For hee is a starke foole that can make no excuse for himselfe that is culpable.

How the Priest fell asleepe as he was at Masse.

ON a certaine time, Scogin went to his scholler, the aforesaid Parson, to dine with him on a Sunday ; and this foresaid Priest or Parson all the night before had beene at Cards playing at the Post ;<sup>1</sup> hee made short mattens, & went to Masse ; & when he did come to his first *Memento*, he leaned him to the altar, & fell asleepe. When Scogin had espyed it, he called the Clarke to awake him.

(1) *i.e.* The game of *post and pair*. "Post and Pair," says Nares (Glossary, ed. 1859, *in voce*), "was a game on the cards, played with three cards each, wherein much depended on *vying*, or betting on the goodness of your own hand. It is clear . . . that a pair-royal of aces was the best hand, and next any other three cards, according to their order : kings, queens, knaves, &c. descending. If there were no threes, the highest pairs might win, or also (else?) the highest game in three cards. It would in these points much resemble the modern game of commerce."

The Clarke went & shooke him, & bad him awake. *Puffe!* said the Priest. Awake, said the Clarke. I will none of it, said the Priest. What, Sir, said the Clarke, you are at Masse. Hold thy peace, saith the Priest, I beshrow thy heart; thou hast let me of a good sleep. Awake for shame, said the Clarke. At the last he awaked, & made an ende of his Masse. When Masse was done, Scogin reprehended him, & they of the Parish complained of the Priest to Scogin for that fault & many other. Scogin said, that the Priest had great paine in his browes that he could not hold up his head; & therefore pardon him for this fault, considering his sicknesse.

How the Priest said *Requiem æternam* on  
Easter day.<sup>1</sup>

ON an Easter day, this aforesaid Parson could not tell what Masse he should say; wherefore he said to the Clarke: I pray thee run to my next neighbour, the Parson of Garsington,<sup>2</sup> & let him send me word what Masse I shall say to day. The Parson said to the Clarke: let him say the Masse which doth begin with a great R. The Priest

(1) See *A C Mery Talys*, No. 81.

(2) Garsington, in Oxfordshire.



turned over his Booke & found *Requiem æternam*, & said the Masse which is said for a soule or soules. When Masse was done, one said to him : Master Parson, for whose soule did you say Masse to day ? Sir, said he, for God's soule, which died on Friday last : for I was sicke yesterday, & could not say Masse for his soule. Sir, said the man, God is alive, & not dead. No ! said he ; if he had not been dead, he should not have been buried. All this is true, said the man ; but after he was dead, he rose from death to life, & is alive, & shall die no more. By my faith, said the Parson, I will never after this pray for him any more. No, said the man, you must never pray for God ; but you must pray to God to send you some wit, or else you will die a foole.

How the Priest said : *Deus qui viginti filii tui*, when he should have said *Deus qui unigeniti*.<sup>1</sup>

On a time, master Scogin said to his fellowes that were Masters of Art : I pray you let me goe to make merrie with the Parson of Balden,<sup>2</sup> which was once my Scholler. Be it, said they. On the

(1) See *A C Mery Talys*, No. 53.

(2) Baldon-Toot, in Oxfordshire, is the place here meant. In Adams' *Index Villaris*, 1690, it is called *Toot-Balden*.

morrow, in the morning, they went to Balden, & one Master of Art went before all the other, & did goe into the Church, & the Priest began Masse of the Crosse ; & when he came to the Collect, he did read : *Deus qui viginti filii tui* &c. when he should have said : *Deus qui unigeniti* &c. But when he was reading the Collect, he heard a great noise in the Church-yard, & ere he had fully made an end of it, Master Scogin & the other Masters of Art came into the Church. Then, at the Collect end, he turned about & said : *Dominus vobiscum*. He, spying so many schollers, said : ite, missa est : for he thought the schollers did come to checke him in his Masse. And when Masse was done, they went to dinner with the Parson ; and, after dinner, the Master of Art that did come first into the Church, that heard the Parson reade : *Deus qui viginti filii tui*, said : Master Parson, I pray you for my learning, tell me how many sonnes God had. The Parson was astonied. Sir, said he, I will tell you by & by. He went to Scogin, saying : Sir, I pray you tell me how many sonnes God had. Scogin said : goe & tell him, sir, you did aske of me how many sonnes God hath ; it shall not skill<sup>1</sup> how many nor how few he hath ; I am sure that you be none of them. Why, Sir, said the

(1) *i.e.* Signify.

Master of Art, you said to day in your Masse, that God had twenty children, for you said : *Deus qui viginti filii tui*. Yea, Sir, be content, said Scogin, hath God more or lesse, my priest saith you be none of them. We have good cheere, & [it] costs us nothing ; therefore one good turn asketh another without reprehension.

How the Priest was complained on for keeping a young wench in his house.<sup>1</sup>

THIS aforesaid Priest had a wench to keepe his house, to dresse his meate ; & because both the Priest & shee were yong, they were complained on to the Ordinary, which sent for the Priest by a citation. The priest was afraid, & said to the Sumner : I will give the 15 pence to tell me the cause why I should come to the Ordinary. Sir, said he, for keeping this wench within your house ; wherefore you must appeare the next court day. The priest went to Scogin, & showed him the whole matter. Scogin said : I will write a letter to the Ordinary ; the contents whereof was this :—

After commendations, I certifie you that where

(1) This is merely an enlarged version of No. 85 of *A C Mery Talys*. See also *Merie Tales of Skelton*, No. vi.

[as] my Priest is complained on for a woman that he keepeth in his house :—

To wash his dishes ;<sup>1</sup>  
And to gather rishes ;  
To milke his cow,  
And to serve his sow.  
To feed his hen and cocke,  
To wash his shirte and smocke.  
His points to unloose,  
And to wipe his shooes.  
To make bread and ale,  
Both good & eke stale.  
And to make his bed,  
And to looke his head.  
His garden she doth weed,  
And doth helpe him at need.  
No man can say,  
But, night and day,  
He coulde not misse  
To clip and kisse.  
She is faire and fat ;  
What for all that ?  
I can no more tell ;  
But now, fare you well.

The parson did beare this letter to the Court, & delivered it. The Ordinary said : Master Parson, you bee complained on, because you doe keepe a yong wench in your house. Master, said the Parson, she is not young, but she is of the age of my horse. Why, said the Ordinary, how old is your horse ? Master, said the Parson, eightene yeeres old. Well, said the Ordinary, you must

(1) Printed in the old Ed. as prose.

put away your wench. No,<sup>1</sup> said the Parson : I had rather loose my benefice : for then must I brew & bake, & doe all things my selfe ; & that I will not doe. Well, said the Ordinary, I will come home to your house one day, & see what rule you keepe. Sir, said the Parson, you shall be welcome. The Ordinarie came to the Parsons house ; & when he did see the wench, he said : *Uxor tua sicut vitis abundans*<sup>2</sup> in *lateribus domûs tuæ*.<sup>3</sup> The Parson thought the Ordinarie had apposed him in our Latine Mattins, and said : *Et filii tui sicut novelli*<sup>4</sup> *Olivarum in circuitu mensæ tuæ*. The Ordinary was abashed, & supposed that some man had told him of his children that he had in his house of his owne, sitting round about at his table ; [so he] was ashamed to rebuke the Parson, & said nothing else but—Farewell, Master Parson. Thus a man may perceive that divers times fooles be fortunate ; and it is evill & a foolish thing for a man to reprehend another man for a fault that he himselfe is guilty in.

(1) Old Ed. has *now*.(2) Old Ed. has *abundantis*.(3) Old Ed. has *tua*.(4) Old Ed. has *novellæ*, and so reads *A C Mery Talys*, No. 85. I ought to have made the correction there too.

How the Parson said : *Cumpsimus Quæsimus,*  
*Domine.*

ANOTHER time, Master Scogin and other Masters of Art in Oxford did visit the said Priest again, & found him at Masse ; and at the last collect the Parson said : *Cumpsimus quæsimus Domine.* One of the Masters of Art said : Master Parson, you must say *Sumpsimus quæsimus Domine.* The Parson looked backe, and said to the Master of Art : I have said these dozen years *Cumpsimus quæsimus Domine,* & I will not leave my old *Cumpsimus* for thy new *Sumpsimus.* So they went to dinner, & the Parson said to Scogin : I have not meat enough for you all. Well, said Scogin, such as you have, let on the board ; and so he did. Then one of the Masters said grace, and began : *Benedicite, Domine, apposita et apponenda.* Nay, said Scogin, put *apponenda* in your purse, and blesse *apposita* : for here is on the table all the meat at this time you shall have ; and I beshrew some of us & not me ; for we had fared better, if *Sumpsimus* had not been heere. Wherefore it appeareth that he, which telleth the truth, oftentimes shall fare the worse, or else be shent.

How *Scogin* told the hunter he had found a hare.

SCOGIN had a great hare's skin, that was new killed, and he went to a wheat land, that was an handfull and an halfe high, and did lay there a foul great mard—they that can speake French, can tell what a mard is—and couched the Hare's skinne over it, and set up the Hare's ears, and then hee came to Oxford, and said to them that used hunting, that he had found a hare sitting. They ran for their Grey-hounds to kill the hare, and Scogin went with them to the land, where the hare did sit. At last, one espied the eares and the head of the hare, and said: so how! Stand you there, said the other, and give her the law of the game. Scogin got him home to Oxford, and one that came to see the game was bid to put the hare; and when he came almost at the hare: up, w\*\*\*\*! he said: or I will pricke you in the buttocke by and by; but the hare did not stirre. At last, when he came to the place, he thrust his staffe at the hare's skinne, and did turne it over, and under it was a great mard. He returned againe, as if he had a flea in his eare, to Oxford. Why, said they, doe you not put up the hare? Goe, put her up your-selfe with a vengeance, said he; and went home

again in an anger. They that held their Greyhounds did marvell what he meant, and that Scogin was gone; they went to see where the hare should sit; and they found a hare's skinne and a great mard. Wel, said they, we can never beware of Scogin's mocks and jests; would part of this hare were in his mouth! and so they departed. Whereby you may see that faire words make fools faine.

How *Scogin* told his fellowes he knew where was a  
Pickerell.

ON a time Scogin said to his fellowes: I have found where a pickerell doth lie in a ditch behind St. Wenefride's wel. Said the one: I can get a net. Goe, said Scogin, and fetch it, and meet me behind St. Wenefride's well. Scogin tooke a long quarter staffe, the which craftily hee had cut more than halfe asunder. Scogin did look into the water, and said: hereabout he should bee. Then said the one to the other: some must leap over. Hold the staffe, said Scogin. The one of them tooke the staffe, and pitched it into the water, and would have leapt over. The staffe brooke, and laid the Scholler in the middle of the water. Then were the Schollers ready to take him up with their net, and other policy. Scogin shrunke



away, and went home. When the scholler was taken out of the water, Scogin was asked for, and no man could tel where he was. The Schollers went home, and found him out, and said : is this the pickerell that you would shew us ? I pray you, said he, if you have taken him, let me have part with you. Here a man may see daily, [if] a man have shrewd turnes, he shall be mocked also for his labour.

### How *Scogin* sold Powder to kill Fleas.<sup>1</sup>

SCOGIN divers times did lacke money, and could not ~~tel what shift to make~~. At last, he thought to play the physician, and did fill a box full of the powder of a rotten post ; and on a sunday he went to a Parish Church, and told the wives that hee had a powder to kil up all the fleas in the country, and every wife bought a pennyworth ; and Scogin went his way, ere Masse was done. The wives went home, and cast the powder into their beds

(1) Randolph alludes to this story in his *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*, 1630.

"*Med.* In the Siege of Ostend, I gave the Dutchess of Austria a Receipt to keep her Smock from being animated, when she had not shifted it of a twelvemonth.

"1 *Scholl.* Believe me, and that was a cure beyond *Scoggin's* fleas."

In "An Exact Chronologie of Remarkable Things," printed in Cotgrave's *Wits Interpreter*, ed. 1662, p. 390, it is said to have been then (*i.e.* in 1662) 81 years "since Scoggin found out his flea powder."

and in their chambers, and the fleas continued still. On a time, Scogin came to the same Church on a sunday, and when the wives had espied him, the one said to the other : this is he that deceived us with the powder to kill fleas ; see, said the one to the other, this is the selfe-same person. When Masse was done, the wives gathered about Scogin, and said : you be an honest man to deceive us with the powder to kill fleas. Why, said Scogin, are not your fleas all dead ? We have more now (said they) than ever we had. I marvell of that, said Scogin, I am sure you did not use the medicine as you should have done. They said : wee did cast it in our beds and in our chambers. I, said he, there be a sort of fooles that will buy a thing, and will not aske what they should doe with it. I tell you all, that you should have taken every flea by the neck, and then they would gape ; and then you should have cast a little of the powder into every flea's mouth, and so you should have killed them all. Then said the wives : we have not onely lost our money, but we are mocked for our labour.<sup>1</sup>

(1) Several of the Stories in the present collection conclude with this remark.

How *Scogin* drew out an old woman's tooth.

THERE was an olde woman that had but one tooth in her head, and that did ake very sore ; she went to master Scogin for remedy. Come with me, Mother, said Scogin, and you shall be healed by and by. He then got a pack-threed, and went to the Smith's forge with the woman, and he said to the Smith : I pray you heate mee a Coulter in your forge. I will, said the Smith. Then he went to the old woman, and said : mother, let me see your tooth, and she did so. He tooke his pack-threed, and bound it fast about the tooth, and tyed the other end of the threed at the ring of the forge-doore, whereas the Smith used to tie his horses and mares ; and when the culter was glowing hot, Scoggin tooke the culter, and ran with it against the old woman, saying : a w\*\*\*\* ! dost thou stand here like an old mare ? I will run thee through with this hot culter. The woman, being afraid, gave a braid with her head, and ran her way, and left her tooth behind her. Scogin ran after the woman, and she cryed out for helpe (for shee was afraid that Scogin would have burnt her) ; [and] the Smith ran after Scogin for his culter : for he was afraid that Scogin would run away with it. Whereby you may see what a terrible thing feare is.

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How *Scogin* gave one a medicine to make him  
go to it.

ON a time, there did a yong man come to *Scogin*  
to have a medicine, saying: sir, I would have a  
medicine to make me goe to it lustily (he ment  
of Venus acts). *Scogin* did give him an extreame  
purgation. The yong man went to bed with his  
lemman; within a while, his belly began to  
rumble, and there was no remedy, but hee must  
needs go to it so long, that he did defile both the  
chamber and the bed, so that he and his lemman  
bathed themselves that night in dirt. Wherefore  
it is good for all men, when they aske counsell of  
any man, to be plaine in their<sup>1</sup> words, and not to  
speake in parables.

How *Scogin* gave one a medicine to make him  
find his horse.

THERE was a man that had lost his horse, and he  
came to master *Scogin*, and said: sir, I here say  
that you be a good physician, and I have lost my  
horse, and would fain know a remedy how I might  
find out my horse. *Scogin* gave that man such a  
purgation that he was constrained to run to every

(1) Old Ed. has *his*.

bush and hedge ; and peaking<sup>1</sup> so about here and there, at last he found his horse. Then he reported that Scogin was the best physician in the world.

[How] *Scogin* was robbed as he went to London.

WHEN *Scogin* did pretend<sup>2</sup> to leave Oxford, he went to dwell at London ; and as hee went towards London, he met with theeves, and they robbed him. And when he came to London, hee espied one of the theeves ; and then he said to the serjeants of London : yonder man robbed me, when I came from Oxford. The thiefe had spied *Scogin* talking with the serjeants, and fled his way. The serjeants followed the thiefe ; the thiefe did run, and the serjeants after. One came to *Scogin*, and said : wherefore doe<sup>3</sup> yonder men run so fast ? *Scogin* said : for a wager, but the foremost man hath won, for lately he had all my mony from me. The serjeants cryed : hold the thiefe ! The thiefe said : hold me not ; I do run for a wager. And when he was within St. Martin's,<sup>4</sup> he said : I have run well now, or else I had beene hanged.

(1) *To peak* is here equivalent to *to peer* or *pry*. See Note to *Merie Tales and Quicke Answeres*, No. 35, and also *Additional Notes*.

(2) *i.e.* Intend. See Nares, ed. 1859, *in voce*.

(3) Old Ed. has *doth*.

(4) Not St. Martin's in the Fields, but St. Martin's the Great, or le Grand, which (see Stow's *Survey* of London, ed. 1720, lib. iii. p. 102), anciently enjoyed the privileges of a Sanctuary.

[How] *Scogin* told his wife he had parbraked <sup>1</sup> a  
crow.

~~AFTER a while that Scogin came to London, hee~~  
married a yong woman, taking her for a maid, as  
~~other men doe.~~ At last he thought to prove his  
wife, and fained himselfe sicke. Oh! good wife,  
saies he, I will shew you a thing, and if you will  
promise me to conceale it. His wife said: sir,  
you may tell mee what you will; I were worse than  
accursed, if I should disclose your counsell. O!  
wife, said Scogin, I had a great pang to day in my  
sicknesse, for I did parbrake and cast out a crow.  
A crow, said shee. Yea, said Scogin, God helpe  
me! Be of good comfort, said she, you shall  
recover and doe well. Well, wife, said Scogin,  
goe to church and pray for me. She went to the  
church, and by and by one of her gossips met with  
her, and asked how her husband did. I wis, said  
she, a sore sick man he is, and like to die: for  
there is an evill signe and token in him. What is  
that, gossip? said she. Nay, by gisse,<sup>2</sup> I will not  
tell it to any man alive. What, said the woman,  
you may tell me, for I will never bewray your  
counsell. By gisse, said Scogin's wife, if I wist

(1) *i.e.* Vomited.

(2) *i.e.* By Jesus. See, however, note on the word in Nares, ed. 1859.

that you wold keep my counsel, I wold tel you. Then said the woman : whatsoever you doe tell, I will lay it dead under my feet. Oh, said Scogin's wife, my husband parbraked two crows. Jesus ! said the woman, I never heard of such a thing. This woman, as she did meet with another gossip of hers, shewed that Scogin had parbraked three crows. So it went from one gossip to another that, ere mattens were finished, all the parish knew that Scogin had parbraked twenty crows ; and when the priest was ready to goe into the pulpit, one came to request him and all the parish to pray for Scogin, for hee had parbraked twenty crows. The priest blessed him, and said to the parishioners : I doe pray you pray for Scogin, for he is in perill of his life, and hath parbraked twenty one crows. By and by, one went to Scogin, and said : sir, is it as it is spoken in the Church of you ? What is that ? said Scogin. The priest said in the Pulpit, that you parbraked twenty one crows. Said Scogin : what a lie is this ! By and by, the bells were told for sacring, and Scogin hied him to church lustily and merry, and when the men and women did see him in the church, they looked one upon another, and marvelled of this matter. After Masse, Scogin asked what were they that should bring up such a tale upon

him. At last the matter was so boulded out,<sup>1</sup> that the original of the cause began at Scogin's wife. Here a man may see, that it is hard to trust a woman with a mā's secrets ; wherefore it is good to prove a friend, ere one have need.

How *Scogin* caused his wife to be let blood.

AFTER that Scogin's wife had played this aforesaid pranke, she used so long to go a gossiping, that if her husband had spoken any word contrary to her minde, she would crow against him, that all the street should ring of it. Scogin thought it was time to breake his wife of such matters, and said to her : I would you would take other wayes, or else I will displease you. Displease me ! said shee, beware that you doe not displease yourselfe. Yea, said Scogin, I wil see that one day, how you will displease me. She still continued in opprobrious<sup>2</sup> words ; at last Scogin called her into a chamber, and tooke one of his servants with him, and said to her : dame, you have a little hot and proud blood about your heart and in your stomacke, and if it be not let out, it will infect you and many mō ; therefore be content, there is no remedy but that blood must bee let out. I defie

(1) *i.e.* Sifted.

(2) Old Ed. has *approbrious*.



thee, said Scogin's wife (and was up in the house top). Yea? said he; come, said Scogin to his servant, and let us bind her to this forme. Shee scratched and clawed them by the faces, and spurned with her feet so long, that shee was weary; so at the last she was bound hand and foot to the forme. Now said Scogin to his servant: goe fetch mee a surgeon, or a barbor<sup>1</sup> that can let blood. The servant went and brought a surgeon. Scogin said to him: sir, it is so that my wife is mad and doth rave, and I have been with physicians, and they have counselled me to let her blood: she hath infectious blood about the hart, and I wold have it out. Sir, said the surgeon, it shall be done. Scogin said: shee is so mad, that she is bound to a forme. The better for that, said the surgeon. When Scogin and the surgeon entred into the chamber, shee made an exclamation upon Scogin. Then said Scogin: you may see that my wife is mad; I pray you let her blood both in the arme and the foot, and under the tongue. Scogin and his man held out her arme, and they did open a veine named Cardica. When shee had bled well: now stop that veine, said Scogin, and let her blood under the foot. When shee saw that: sir, said she, forgive me, and I will never displease you

(1) *i.e.* What was formerly known as a "barber-surgeon."


hereafter. Well, said Scogin, if you do so, then I do thinke it shall be best for us both. By this tale it proveth, that it is a shrewd hurt that maketh the body fare the worse, and an unhappy house where the woman is master.

How *Scogin* and his wife made an Heire.

ON a time they died<sup>1</sup> in London, and Scogin and his wife did lie in the countrey, and while hee did lie there, he did purchase a copihold, and went to aske counsell of a man of law, saying: I have purchased a copy-hold, and I am come to aske your counsell, and I will give you for your labour. Sir, said the man of law, your copy must be made under the forme of law, and I counsell you to make an heire. Sir, said Scogin in this matter, I will goe home, and aske counsell of my wife, and to-morrow I will come againe to you. Scogin went home, and told his wife what the man of law had said, that the copy must be made under the forme of law, and that it were good to make an heire. Then Scogin said: wife, let us goe to bed, and we will make an heire by and by. They went to

(1) *i.e.* There was a mortality. There were so many mortalities from various causes in London about the period when Scogin flourished, that it is difficult to say to what particular one allusion is here made.

bed, and Scogin pulled the sheet and the cloaths over his own head and his wives, and did let a great \*\*\*\*. Now siste thou, woman, said Scogin, and we shall have an heire by and by. So long they lay together, that with stink they were almost choked. Ah! said Scogin to his wife, I will buy no more copihold : for it is nought to make an heir. On the morrow, Scogin went to the man of law, saying : sir, be you ready to goe to Westminster? Wherefore? said the man of law. Scogin said : to make my copy. Sir, said the man of law, I can make it here in my house. Nay, said Scogin, you said to me yesterday, that it must bee made under the forme of law, and in Westminster is the best forme of law in England, and therefore let us go sit under one of those formes. Tush! said the man of law, the copy must be made according to the law, and, beside you and your wife, set in the copy one of your children. Why, said Scogin, you bad me make an heire, and I and my wife made such an heir in our beds yesternight, that shee and I were almost poysoned. Whereby it appeares, the mis-hearing of a tale maketh misunderstanding. Therefore plaine speech is best, although Scogin knew what was spoken, and turned it to a jest.



How *Scogin* got the Abbot's horse.

ON a time, Scogin was sent for to the abbot of Bury, to pastime with him ;<sup>1</sup> where he fell sicke and like to die, whereupon he was shriven and would have beene hoasted, and hee durst not for fear of casting.<sup>2</sup> The abbot said: Crede and manducâsti,<sup>3</sup> that is to say, beleeve, and thou hast received. When Scogin recovered, the abbot sent him his owne horse to ride home on. Scogin sent not home the Abbot's horse, wherefore the Abbot sent for his horse, but Scogin answered the messenger, and said: when I was sicke at home with your master, I would have received the holy sacrament of the Altar, and he bad me beleeve<sup>4</sup> and I had received the sacrament of the Altar. So in like manner let him believe, that he hath received his horse, and it is sufficient; and tel him his horse he shal never have. By this a man may perceive, that a man should not lend his horse, nor his

(1) Old Ed. has *them*.

(2) *i.e.* Of breathing his last, or expiring. *Last cast* and *last gasp* are sometimes found used as synonymous terms. "Sir Thomas Bodley is even now at the last cast, and hath lain speechless and without knowledge since yesterday at noon."—Letter dated 1612, quoted in the last ed. of Nares.

(3) *Manduco* literally signifies *to chew*, hence to receive the consecrated wafer.

(4) There is an ellipsis here. The meaning is:—"he bad me beleeve that I had, &c. saying that then I had, &c."

weapon, nor his wife, to no man, if he love himselfe or his owne profit : for by it never commeth gaine.<sup>1</sup>

How *Scogin* brought a dog's \*\*\*\* made in powder to the apothecaries, to know what powder it was.

WHEN that *Scogin* did lie sicke at Bury, he sent to the Apothecaries of London for many medicines, and some were bitter, and some were sower, and some sweet. When he was recovered and made whole, and at home in his owne house, he walked about the fields, and found uppon a mole-hill a white dog's \*\*\*\*. Hee put it in a napkin, and after that he dried it in an oven, and made it into powder, and went to the apothecaries in London, and said : my friend hath sent me a powder to eat, and I cannot tell what it is. The apothecaries<sup>2</sup> tasted it, and they could not tel what powder it should be. At last he came to an old apothecary, and said : sir, I pray you tell me what powder this is. The old apothecary tasted it, and spit it out againe, and said : fie ! cocks bodykins,<sup>3</sup> that is a \*\*\*\*. O ! good Lord, said *Scogin*, cunning is

(1) Old Ed. has *gaines*.

(2) Old Ed. has *apothecary*.

(3) Old Ed. has *bodykims*.

worth much money ; your fellowes here in the city have good mouthes to tast lamp oyle, and you have judged right. Here a man may see that divers times a man shall not onely have a shrewd turne, but a mocke for his labour.

How *Scogin* did draw a tooth-drawer's tooth.

ON a time there went a tooth-drawer round about the country with a banner ful of teeth (as blind<sup>1</sup> physitians and surgeons doe now-a-dayes) the which tooth-drawer said, he wold draw out a tooth without any paine, which was false, for when he pulled out some men's teeth he pulled out a piece of the cheek bone ; and tooke many men's money, and did much harme and little good. At the last he came to *Scogin's* house ; and *Scogin*, hearing of his doings, caused him to come in, and said : sir, you be called a cunning drawer of a tooth. I have paine in a tooth, and I would it were out of my head. Sir, said the tooth-drawer, if you will, I will have it out without any paine. I pray you, said *Scogin*, how will you doe ? Sir, sayd he, I will raise the flesh about the tooth, and then with a strong threed I will pull it out. Sir, said *Scogin*, I can pul out a tooth so, and because you say it is

(1) ? Tipling or tipsy. See Nares, ed. 1859, *in voce*.

no paine to pul out a tooth so, I wil first pull out one of your teeth. Nay, sir, said the tooth-drawer, I have no paine in my teeth. Although you have not, said Scogin, I will pull a tooth out of your head, and if you have no paine, you shall have an Angell for your tooth ; but if you have paine, you shall have nothing. Sir, said the tooth-drawer, I will have none of my teeth pulled out. Scogin said to his servant : bring me a paire of manacles, for surely I will pull out one of thy teeth, e're that thou shalt pul out one of mine ; therefore sit down, and take it patiently, lest thou be put to greater pains. The tooth-drawer sate him downe with an evil will, and Scogin did raise the flesh about the tooth-drawer's tooth, that it was in such a case, that the water did runne downe the tooth-drawer's eyes. Scogin said : doth the water runne forth of your eyes for joy or for paine ? The Tooth-drawer said : for joy, for I trust to get an Angell of you. Bee it, said Scogin. Scogin did knit a strong threed about the tooth-drawer's tooth, and gave it a great twitch. Oh ! said the tooth-drawer. What ! do you feel pain ? said Scogin. Yea, said the tooth-drawer, you pull not quickly. Then said Scogin : you have lost your Angell. Nay, said the tooth-drawer. Well, said Scogin, the tooth shall come now, I trow ; and Scogin did twitch and pul

hard at the tooth, and pulled it out. Out, alasse ! said the tooth-drawer. Why, said Scogin, cry you out? Marry, saith the tooth-drawer, the devill would cry out of this paine. Sir, said Scogin, you taught me how I should doe, and you have lost your Angel ; and seeing your cunning is no better, I will have never a tooth pulled out now : and if you pull any of my neighbour's teeth after such sort as you have done, if you come in my walke, I will pull out all the teeth in your head. Eat and drinke ere you go, and so farewell.

How Scogin served the poore folkes that came to his house to aske almes.

~~WHILES Scogin did lye thus in the country, there~~  
~~resorted to his house vagabonds and common~~  
~~beggars, and when hee did see hee could not be~~  
~~rid of them, he said: come this day fortnight, for~~  
then I doe give money for my friend's soule. Scogin had an old barne that was ready to fall downe, and in the meane time hee stopped all the holes with firre bushes, broome, old fearne and straw, and laid such trumpery about the barne. The day appointed, all the vagabonds and beggars in the country resorted unto Scogin's house, and as they did come, they were put into the barne, and



[Scogin] said they should have their almes within a while. Scogin kept them fasting till three or foure of the clocke in the afternoone, and then he commanded his servant privily to set fire on the straw and the furies round about the barne, which was done. At last, when the vagabonds and beggers did see that they were compassed round with fire, they said one to another : we must run through the fire in some place, or else we shall be burnt up. So some ran through the fire in one place, and some in another, and durst not look behind them. Scogin cryed, saying : tarry, w\*\*\*\*sons and w\*\*\*\*s, you have set my barn on fire, you shall be hanged every one ! They fled for feare, and never durst come againe to Scogin's house for almes. Here a man may see every promise is kept or else broken, and it is good for every man to keepe himselfe out of the danger of all men, and especially of great men.

How Scogin came to the courte like a foole, and wonne twenty pounds by standing vnder a spout in the raine.

~~WHEN Scogin had dwelt in the country, he returned~~ againe to London, and fell acquainted with gentlemen of the king's privy chamber, which

would faine that he should come to the court, and they would bring him into the king's service. Scogin was more beholding to one gentleman then to all the other, and said to him : sir, I will come to the court like a dizard or foole, and when that I come, I will aske for you, and when that we doe meet, call me aside, that I may speake with you. So on a rainy day Scogin came to the court like a foole, and the king's porters asked what he would have ; and hee said : my fellow sir Nevill. What manner of man is he ? said the porters. Scogin said : he hath a nose, and goeth up and downe on two legges. Then said the porters : this is a starke ideot foole ; doest thou know thy master ? said the porter, and if thou seest him ? I know him, said Scogin, by his cap. Then said the porters the one to the other : who doe you thinke should be this foole's master ? Some said one, some said another ; at the last one said : I trow hee bee Sir William Neuill's foole. When Scogin heard him say so, hee leapt about, and did laugh. Then one of the porters went to Sir William Neuill, and asked him if hee had not a foole. Yes, said Sir William Neuill. Marry, said the

(1) It is scarcely likely that Sir William Neville, youngest son of the 1st Earl of Westmoreland, of that family, can be intended here : for he died in 1462.

porter, it is a mad, merry foole. Yea, said Sir William Nevill, hee is a very ideot, he is not wise. Said the porter : shall hee come to you ? Nay, said Sir William Nevill, I will goe myselfe to the foole. When Sir William Nevill and Scogin did meet, Sir William Nevill said : A ! Tom,<sup>1</sup> how dost thou ? (it rained sore) and Scogin said : I cannot bee in rest, for these knaves doe powre water still upon me, and no man touched him, but the rain that fell down. Well, Tom, said Sir William Nevill, come with me, and thou shalt goe to the fire, and dry thee. He brought him to his chamber, and then said Scogin to Sir William Nevill : goe, and say you have a naturall foole come to you, and if he were set under one of the spouts that doe runne so fast with rain-water, he will not come out ; and make some great wager with some great man, and lay downe the money, that I will stand still under the spout, untill the time that I bee fetcht away by you : for I lacke money, and I care not, said Scogin, to be wet. Then Sir William went round about the court with his foole, and another knight met with him, and said : what ! have you got a foole ? Yea, said Sir William Nevill, hee is such a foole, that if hee bee set under one of

(1) Sir William was not necessarily ignorant of Scogin's Christian name John, but merely used *Tom* as a sort of generic appellation.

these spouts of the leads that runneth now with raine water, hee will never come away, untill I doe fetch him out of it. It is not so ! said the knight. Yes, said Sir William Nevill ; and on that I will lay twenty pound. I hold it, said the knight : lay downe the money. Scogin was glad of that. Then Sir William Nevill said : Tom, come with me, and thou shalt have a figge. A fig, fellow, said Scogin, where is it ? Come, said Sir William Nevill, and thou shalt see. He brought him under one of the spouts that did runne with water, and said : here is water to wash thy figge ; stand stil, and I will bring thee a fig by and by. Sir William Nevill departed, and Scogin stood so long under the spout, crying and calling for his fellow, Sir William Neuill, that the water ranne out at his heeles and his breeches, as fast as it did falle into his necke, and upon his head and body, still calling and crying upon his fellow, Sir William Neuill. The knight, seeing this, thought hee should lose his bargaine, [and he] said to Sir William Neuill : will you give mee leave to entice him away by any craft or policy ? Yea, said Sir William Neuill, I am pleased ; doe what you can, so that by no strength you take him away. Nay, said the knight, that I wil not. The knight went to Scogin, and said : A, Tom, thy master hath left thee alone,

and is dead, come with me to a fire, and dry thee. Tehee, said Scogin, fellow hoe, where art thou? Why, said the knight, thy fellow is dead, come and eat figs with me. Nay, said Scogin, my fellow will give me a better fig than you will. The knight meant of a figge, but Scogin meant of the money that was laid on the bargain, in the which hee did knowe that his part was, so that by no manner of meanes, nor policy, or craft, no man could get Scogin from standing under the spout. Every man pitied Scogin, and said: this foole will dye under the spout. Then said the knight and every man: goe you, master Nevill, and fetch him away, for it is a foole of all fooles. Then said Sir William Nevill: if I fetch him away, I have wonne the bargain. The knight said: it is so. Then Sir William Nevill went to Scogin, and as soon as Scogin had espyed him, he leapt and danced under the spout, saying: hast thou brought my fig? No, Tom, said Sir William Nevill, but come with me, and thou shalt goe to a fire. Nay, said Scogin, give mee a fig. Come with me, said Sir William Nevill, and thou shalt have a fig. Sir William Nevill brought him to his chamber, where he had a good fire, and gave him the wager that was won.

How Scogin leapt over the tables, when dinner  
was done.

SCOGIN did marke the fashions of the court, and amongst all other things hee did marke how men did leape over the table in the king's hall to sit downe at dinner and supper, which<sup>1</sup> is not used now. Scogin seeing this, that as many as did sit at the table had meat, and they that stood in the hall beside had none, all that time he made shift for himselfe. And when dinner was done, and all the tables taken up, Scogin set out trestles, and leapt over them, and leapt over the tables, and leapt from one table to another, that every body marvelled what he meant. At last one did aske of him what hee meant by leaping ouer the tables. Scogin said : I doe learn against supper to leape to sit downe : for he that cannot leap, getteth no meat here. Therefore [it is well] to forecast, and some provision is good at all times.

How Scogin gave one a goose legge, that was giuen  
him, and afterward told him he had eaten an  
hundred lice.

In the court one gave Scogin a goose leg, saying :

(1) It is to be remembered that ~~these fests were not printed~~ till at least half a century after the period at which they purport to have taken place.

*Tunis*  
*Edin*

hold, Tom, eat this. Hee put it in his bosome. At last he came to one, and gave him the goose leg, and within a while after, Scogin met with the man unto whom he had given the goose leg, and said to him : hast thou eaten the goose-leg ? The man said, yea. Much good do it thee, said Scogin, thou hast eaten an hundred lice. The man took a conceit, and did cast up all his meat againe. Here it is good to mark that a man beleieve not every word that another doth speake, for some doe lie, some doe jest, some doe mock, and some doe scorne, and many men doe saye the very truth.

*How Scogin swept a Lord's Chamber.*

SCOGIN on a time was desired to sweepe a Lord's Chamber, and when he had swept al the dust together, hee threw it out against the wind, and the wind blew it againe into his face. Then said Scogin to the wind : let me cast out my dust, whorson, I say. Every man laughed at Scogin, seeing him to chide with the wind.

*How Scogin told those that mocked him, that hee had a wall-eye.*

SCOGIN went up and downe in the king's hall, and his hosen hung downe, and his coat stood awry,

and his hat stood a booujour, so every man did mocke Scogin. Some said he was a proper man and did wear his rayment cleanly : some said, the whorson foole could not put on his owne rayment : some said one thing, and some said another. At last Scogin said : masters, you have praised me wel, but you did not espy one thing in me. What is that, Tom, said the men ? Marry, said Scogin, I have a wall eye. What meanest thou by that ? said the men. Marry, said Scogin, I have spyed a sort of knaues that doe mocke me, and are worse fooles themselues.<sup>1</sup>

How Scogin drew his sonne vp and downe the  
Court.

~~AFTER this, Scogin went from the Court, and put~~  
~~off his foole's garments and came to the Court~~  
~~like an honest man, and brought his son to the~~  
Court with him, and within the Court, he drew his sonne vp and downe by the heeles. The boy cried out, and Scogin drew the boy in every corner. At last every man had pity on the boy, and said : sir, what doe you meane, to draw the boy about the Court. Masters, said Scogin, he is my sonne, and I doe it for this cause. Every man doth say, that that man or child which is drawne

(1) Compare *A C Mery Talys*, No. 51.



vp in the Court shall be the better as long as hee lives ; and therefore I will euey day once draw him vp and downe the Court, after that hee may come to preferment in the end.

How *Scogin* greased a fat Sow on the \*\*\*\*.

SCOGIN had got a fat sow, and killed her under the Court wall, besides the king's gate ; hee made a great fire, and got a great spit, and put the sow on the spit, and rosted her, and bought twenty pounds of butter, and still hee powred the butter with a ladle on the sowe's buttocks.<sup>1</sup> Diuers men came to him : and said, why dost thou grease this fat sow on the \*\*\*\* ? He said : I doe as kings and lords and every man else doth : for hee that hath enough shall haue more, and hee that hath nothing shall go without, and this sow needeth no basting nor greasing, for she is fat enough, yet shall shee haue more than enough.

How the King gave *Scogin* a house to doe what he would with it.

SCOGIN, through Sir William Neuil's procuracion or preferment, was brought to the king's presence. The king said to him : art thou he that did playe

(1) See Taylor's *Works*, 1630, ii. 235.

the foole in my Court, and didst leape to and fro  
in my Hall over the tables? Yea, and it like your  
Grace, said Scogin. And art thou hee that did  
grease the fat sow on the \*\*\*\*? Yea, said Scogin.  
And why didst thou so? said the king. Scogin  
said: I doe as your Grace doth, and all your lords,  
as well spirituall as temporall, and as all rich men  
doe, which doe give to them that haue enough  
more then enough; and hee which hath nothing,  
except hee bee an importunate craver, shall goe  
without, and unlesse that hee have some man to  
speake for him, hee may goe pipe in an ivy  
leafe. Why, said the king, what liuing hast thou?  
Nothing, said Scogin, nor never a house of mine  
owne to put my head in; would God, said Scogin,  
that I might have some cottage to dwell in. The  
king said: if thou wilt bee my servant, I will give  
thee a house in Cheapside. I thanke your Grace,  
said Scogin, but I pray you give it me, so that I  
may doe with my house what I will. Yea, said  
the king, make thy writings after thine owne mind,  
with the best counsel that thou canst, and it shal  
be sealed. Scogin was glad of that, and he did  
make to do with his house what hee would, his  
writings [being] sealed with the king's sign manual.  
A little after the sealing, Scogin did buy a load of  
firres and two load of straw, and did cause it to

bee cast downe in Cheapeside before the house that the king did give him. Divers men did marvell what it should meane. And within a while Scogin, with his men of law and other, did come to the house to take possession ; after the forme of law he tooke possession. Then said Scogin : this house is old, and to pul it downe were a great cost and charge ; wherefore I will burne it vp with these firres and straw ; peradventure I will make of it a Church or Chappell, that a Priest may sing for mee, so long as the world doth continue. Goe, said Scogin to his servants, and fetch me hither some men to carry into my house straw and firres. Sir, said the good man of the house, I pray take a little respite, I have goods in your house, and you cannot burne your house, but you shall hurt the whole street. What is that to me, said Scogin, I have no charter of my life ? I am about a charitable act for my soules health, for charity first must bee shewed to a man's owne selfe, and after that to his neighbour. Sir, said the merchant that was good man of the house, let it stand, and I and my neighbours will give you as much as it is worth. Nay, said Scogin, I will not sell it. Then said the merchant : what shall I and my neighbours give you to let it stand still, and I will pay you more then it was rented for before.

There goeth a bargaine, said Scogin ; goe to all your neighbours, and bring me word what they will give me. The neighbours did cast their heads together, and, considering that hee was, as they thought, in the king's favour, would gladly give him 40 pounds. When Scogin heard these tidings, he was glad, and said : come, bring mee the money, and I am contented that my house shall stand still, so that it may bee over rented according to my tenant's promise. Thus Scogin by policy got money.

How Scogin played Horse-play<sup>1</sup> in the Q. chamber.

SCOGIN said on a time to the Queene<sup>2</sup> then being : madam, and it like your Grace, will you have horse-play playd in your chamber ? Yea, said the Queene. Scogin untrussed his points, and put downe his breeches, as if he would have bewrayed the chamber, and then kicked with his heeles, and said, wehee. Then hee said to his servant : come and combe me here, and then turne and kicke and winse with thy heeles, and say : wehee. Out,

(1) *i.e.* Rough or coarse play. It is so used by Dryden. See Worcester's Dict. *in voce*.

(2) As the adventures of Scogin or Scoggin appear to have extended over a series of years, it is impossible to determine whether the lady here intended was the consort of Edward IV., Richard III., or Henry VII.

knave, said the Queen, out of my chamber. Scogin went out of the chamber, saying, that he did it not but by her leaue ; and with her leaue hee might doe her a great peece of service. After that the queen would have no more horse-play in her chamber. Therefore it is good for a man to know what will happen, before hee give leave to a businesse.

How *Scogin* let a \*\*\*\*, and sayd it was worth forty pounds.

THAT time that Scogin was conversant both in the King's<sup>1</sup> chamber and in the Queenes, Scogin would peake here and there about in the queenes chamber or lodging, the Queene by custome (as most commonly all great women and ladies and gentlewomen doe) shee let a \*\*\*\*, saying: the same is worth to mee twenty pounds. Scogin, hearing this, girt out a \*\*\*\* like a horse or mare, saying: if that \*\*\*\* be so deare of twenty pound, my \*\*\*\* is worth forty pounds. Here a man may see that a knave may doe that which an honest man may not speake.

(1) The difficulty referred to in the last note is equally great here: for between 1480 and 1490, when Scoggin's exploits were in the course of performance, there were no fewer than three changes in the government.

How *Scogin* asked of the King five hundred Okes.

ON a time, Scogin said to the king then being : and if it shall please your Grace to give me five hundred okes to build me a house in the country, I were much bound to your Grace. The king said : will not an hundred okes serve thee ? Yes, and it like your Grace, said Scogin, it would do me good ease. Well, sayd the king, as for an hundred okes, thou shalt have with the better. I doe thanke your Grace, said Scogin, for if I had asked but an hundred okes at the first, I had had but twenty. Therefore it is good to aske enough of great men, for then he shall have somewhat.

How *Scogin* would have made a Shepheard aske  
him blessing.

ON a certaine time, the king rode a progresse, and Scogin rode with the king, and as they did ride, Scogin spied a shepheard, and then hee said to the king : I will make yonder shepheard to aske me blessing, for I will face him downe, that I am his godfather. Let me see that, said the king. Scogin did pricke forth his horse, and saluted the shepheard, saying : good fellow, where wert thou borne. He said : in Tewksbury. Yea, said Scogin,

I doe know that better than thou dost, for I am thy godfather ; I am he that did lift thee from the cold water. Nay, not so, said the fellow, I know my godfather. Scogin said : I am one of them ; therefore sit down on thy knees, and ask mee blessing, and thou shalt have a groat. Nay, sayd the shepheard, I will none of your groat, nor I will sit down on my knees. No ! said Scogin ; if thou wilt not sit downe and aske mee blessing, I will make thee, therefore do it by faire meanes. I will, sayd the shepheard, aske of thee no blessing. Scogin leapt downe off his horse, and drew out his wood-knife, saying : sit downe, thou old knave, and doe thy duty to thy godfather. The shepheard said : put up thy knife, or else I will blesse thee with my<sup>1</sup> sheep-hook. Yea ! said Scogin, that would I faine see. Scogin did flie at the shepheard, and the shepheard at him, that at the last, Scogin did bear off the shepheard's blowes with his head and shoulders and elbowes. The king, seeing that Scogin had the worst, said : stand to him, Scogin, stand to him, Scogin. Scogin answered the king : I would you stood as nigh to him as I doe, for then he would not only beat out all the dust in your coat, but make some of your gingles flye about your face. Scogin was weary of

(1) Old Ed. has *me*.

his god-fathership, and ran to his horse. The shepherd followed him, and gave him three or foure good stripes over the backe and shoulders, saying : take your leave, good godfather, of your child, ere you goe. Scogin leapt upon his horse, and rode to the king. Then the king said to Scogin : have you given your blessing to your godsonne, or hath your godsonne blessed you ? Then said Scogin : a man cannot have a shrewd turne, but he must be also mocked for his labour. Here a man may see, that divers times a man may do a thing in sport, and at the last it doth turne into good earnest.

How *Scogin* gave a Cowheard forty shillings to teach him his cunning in the weather.<sup>1</sup>

ON a time, as Scogin was riding to the abbot of Bury, he asked of a cowheard, how far it was to Bury. The cowheard said : twenty miles. May I, said Scogin, ride thither to night ? Yea, said the cowheard, if you ride not too fast, and also if you ride not a good pace, you will be wet, ere you come halfe way there. As Scogin was riding on his way, he did see a cloud arise that was blacke, and being afraid to be wet, he spurred his horse,

(1) Compare *A C Mery Talys*, No. 82, and see Introduction to same, vii.



and did ride a great pace, and riding so fast, his horse stumbled and strained his lege, and might not goe. Scogin, revolving in his mind the cowheard's words, did set up his horse at a poore man's house, and returned to the cowheard, supposing that he had beene a good astronomer, because hee said : if you ride not too fast, you may be at Bury to-night, and also if you doe not ride fast, you shal be wet, ere you come there. Scogin said to the cowheard : what shall I give thee to tell mee when I shall have raine or faire weather ? There goeth a bargain, said the cowheard ; what wilt thou give mee ? Scogin said : twenty shillings. Nay, said the cowheard, for forty shillings I will tell you and teach you, but I will bee paid first. Hold the money, said Scogin. The cowheard said : sir, doe you see yonder cow with the cut taile ? Yea, said Scogin. Sir, said the cowheard, when that she doth begin to set up her rumpe, and draw to a hedge or bush, within an houre after you shall have raine ; therefore take the cow with you, and keepe her as I doe, and you shall ever be sure to know when you shall have faire weather or foule. Nay, said Scogin, keepe thy cow still, and give me twenty shillings of my mony. That is of my gentlenes, said the cowheard ; howbeit you seem to bee an honest man, there is twenty

shillings. Here a man may see, that wit is never good, till it be bought.

How a man told *Scogin*, that he thought the building of Paules cost forty shillings.

~~ON a time a poore man did come to London to~~ speake with *Scogin*, and *Scogin* had him to Paules church to talke with him, and both walked round about the church. The poore man said : here is a ~~goodly church.~~ Yea, said *Scogin* ; what doe you thinke it coste making ? The poore husbandman said : I trow it cost vorty shilling. Yea, said *Scogin*, that it did, and vorty shilling thereto. Ho there, said the poor man. Here a man may see, that little portion of money is a great sum in a poore mans pursè ; and he that is ignorant in a matter, should be no judge.

Of him that thought Paules steeple had beene so high, that one might looke over it.

THIS aforesaid poore man desired that hee might see Paules steeple, that every one said was so high. *Scogin* had the man into Finsbury field, and shewed him Pauls, saying : yonder is Pauls Steeple. Tush ! said the man, is that so high a steeple ? A man may looke over it. The poore man thought

it had beene so high, that no man might see or looke over it. And thus you may see what the effect of simplicity is.<sup>1</sup>

How *Scogin* desired the King that hee might say,  
*Ave Maria gratia plena Dominus tecum* in his  
 eare at certaine times.<sup>2</sup>

ON a certain time, Scogin went to the Kings grace, & did desire that he might come to him divers times & sound in his eares: *Ave Maria gratia plena Dominus tecum*. The King was content he should doe so, except hee were in great businesse. Nay, said Scogin, I will marke my time; I pray your Grace, that I may do thus this twelvemoneth. I am pleased, said the King. Many men were suters to Scogin to bee good to them, and did give him many gifts and rewards of gold and silver, & other gifts; so that, within the yeere, Scogin was a great rich man. So when this yeere was out, Scogin desired the King to breake his fast with

(1) The force of this jest was no doubt greater when St. Paul's, though not by any means so lofty as at present, was higher than it now is in proportion to the comparatively dwarfish buildings by which it was surrounded. The prodigious altitude of the old church was a subject of general wonder even in the reign of Henry VIII.: for in *Vulgaria*, 1530, 4<sup>o</sup>, the author says:—"Poule's steeple is a mighty great thing, & so hye that unneth a man may discerne the wether-cocke."

(2) This story is not in Thackeray's ed.

him. The King said : I will come. Scogin had prepared a Table for the King to breake his fast, & made him a goodly cubboard of plate of gold and silver, & hee had cast over all his beds and tables & corners of his chamber full of gold and silver. When the King did come thither, & see so much plate and gold and silver, he asked of Scogin where he had it, and how he did get all this treasure. Scogin said : by saying the *Ave Maria* in your eare ; and seeing I have got so much by it, what doe they get that be about your Grace daily, and bee of your counsell, when that I with sixe words speaking have gotten so much ? He must needs swim, that is held up by the chin.

How *Scogin* chalked out his wife the way to  
Church.<sup>1</sup>

ON a time Scogin's wife desired him that hee would let her have a man to goe before her when shee went abroad or to Church. Why, said Scogin, know you not the way to church ? The next Sunday he arose betime in the morning, and tooke a peece of chalke, and made a strike all along

(1) This anecdote is appropriated by the Editor of the *Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson, the Merry Londoner*, 1607, who reproduces it as an incident in the life of Hobson.

the way from his house to the church. When his wife would goe to the church, shee desired him again that one of his servants might goe before her to church. It shall not need, said Scogin, for if you follow this chalk, it will bring you the right way to the church doore. So Scogin's wife was faine to goe to church without a man.

How *Scogin* desired of the Queene, to know whether Riches would not tempt Men, and especially Women.

ON a time, Scogin was jesting with the queene, and said : Madam, riches, as gold, silver, precious stones and dignity doe tempt men, and especiall[y] women, very sore, and cause women to fall to lechery and folly. The queene said, a good woman would never bee tempted with gold or silver, or other riches. I pray you Madam, said Scogin, if there were a goodly lord, or a knight, that would give you forty thousand pound to dally with you, what would you say to it ? The queene said : if any man living would give an hundred thousand pounds, I would not leese<sup>1</sup> my honesty for it. Then said Scogin : what if a man did give you a thousand hundred thousand pounds, what would

(1) *i.e.* lose.

you doe? I would, said the queene, doe no folly for so much. Then said Scogin: what if a man did give you this house full of gold? The queene said: a woman would doe much for that. Loe, said Scogin, if a man had goods enough, he might have a soveraigne Lady. For the which words the queen tooke highe displeasure with Scogin. wherefore it doth appeare, that it is not good jesting with lords or ladies: for if a man be plaine, or doe tell the truth, hee shall be shent for his labour.

How *Scogin* when he shoulde have beene beaten amongst the Ladies and Gentlewomen, bad the strongest w\*\*\*\* of them all give the first stroke.<sup>1</sup>

THE queene, taking high displeasure with Scogin, desired of the king to have Scogin punished. The king said: punish him as it shall please you. The queene said to her ladies and gentlewomen: get every one of you a napkin, and lay a stone in it, and let halfe of you stand at the one side of the

(1) This is a very old story. See Dunlop's *History of Fiction*, ii, 217 (2d Edit.). In a Collection of *Ana*, Amst. 1709, 12<sup>o</sup>, the jest is applied to Jean de Meum, continuator of Guillaume de Lorris in the *Roman de la Rose*. The former, in a similar manner, escapes a whipping destined for him by the ladies for certain incivilities offered to their sex in his writings.

chamber, and the other halfe at the other side, and when that Scogin shall come through, you shall strik him with your stones. Scogin was sent for, and he seeing the queene and the ladies and the gentlewomen, standing at every side on a row, Scogin said : shall we have here a play or a procession ? Nay, knave, said the queene, thou hast divers times played the knave with me, and I have licence of the king to punish thee, as I shall thinke best ; wherfore come hither to me, for every lady and gentlewoman that is here shall beat thee with stones. God forbid, said Scogin, for then you will kill me ; it were better that I did beat you with stones. But, Madam, ere I have this great punishment, let me speak a few words ; shall I put off my rayment, and come naked among you ? No, not so, said the queen, come through as thou art. And if I goe through you, said Scogin, I shall kill you. Come forth, said the queene. I come, said Scogin, and the strongest w\*\*\*\* of you all strike the first stroke. The ladies and the gentlewomen looked one upon another ; one said : I am no w\*\*\*\*, the other said : I am as honest of my body as the best of you all ; so there fell a contention among them. Then Scogin said : madam, and it like your grace, will you command mee any more service ? Goe, knave, said the queene, and bid thy wife

come and speake with me. Scogin said : and it like your grace, my wife cannot heare, except you speak very high. Let her come, said the queen, and I will deale with her well enough.

How *Scogin's* Wife came to the Queene, and how  
*Scogin* was banished the Court.

WHEN Scogin's wife came to the court, shee was brought to the Queene. The Queene with a high voyce said to Scogin's wife : art thou Scogin's wife? Scogin had shewed his wife before, that the Queene could not heare, and she cryed out to the queen, and said : yea, madam, I am Scogin's wife. The Queene cryed out to Scogin's wife, and said : if thou bee no honeste then thy husband, it is pity that thou shouldest live ; wherefore counsel him, that he do not rail so largely as hee doth with me. Scogin's wife cryed out to the queen, saying : and it like your Grace, he wil not be ruled by me. Why dost thou cry out so loud? said the queen. Madam, said Scogin's wife, my husband shewed me that you could not heare. Why, what a knave is that! said the queen ; he told me that thou couldst not heare. Alas, said Scogin's wife, I aske you mercy, for I had thought you could not heare. Well, said the queene, I will be even with the varlet thy



husband, for mocking thee and me. Whereupon the Queene went to the King, saying : I pray your grace that you would banish Scogin from the court. The King sent for Scogin, and said : thou hast displeased the queen, wherefore I doe banish thee the court ; and if thou doe come hither any more, my hounds and dogs shall be set upon thee. Scogin went his way, and within two or three daies he had got a quick hare, and was going to the court. When the King's servants had espied him, they shewed the king, that Scogin was come to the court. The King said : take all the hounds and dogs, and set them upon Scogin. Every man did run, some with hounds, and some with dogs. Scogin made no great hast. When the king's servants had espied him, they did maintaine their dogges to runne at Scogin. When the hounds were nigh Scogin, he cast before them the quick hare, and said to the hounds : now, now, w\*\*\*\*sons ! The hounds espied the hare, and followed her, and left Scogin ; so Scogin went to the court, and the hare escaped from the hounds. The king's servants shewed what Scogin had done ; whereupon the king sent for Scogin, and said : thou didst cast a hare before the dogges, when they were set upon thee ; goe and looke out the said hare, or else thou shalt suffer death. Then said Scogin : I can get

you another quicke hare, but it will bee hard for me to find out the selfe-same hare. I wil have the selfe-same hare, said the king. Why, said Scogin, I cannot tell where or whither I should goe to looke him. The king said: thou must look him as well where he is not, as where he is. Wel, said Scogin, then I trust to find him out. Scogin in the morning did goe upon the king's leades, and tooke with him a pick-axe and a great beetle, and over the king he tore up the leades, and did beat down the battlement. One<sup>1</sup> of the privy chamber, seeing this, went to Scogin, and said: what art thou doing, thou mad fellow? What am I doing? said Scogin, I am doing the king's commandment. Why, said the gentleman, the king did not commande thee to cast downe his palace. Wel, said Scogin, if I doe otherwise then I was commanded to doe, shew your mind to the king. The gentleman went to the king, and said: did you command Scogin to cast downe the battlement of your palace, and to pull up your lead? Nay, said the King. The gentleman said, that Scogin was making a foule worke upon the leades. Go, said the king, and bid him come speake with me. Scogin came to the king, which said to him: why didst thou pull up my lead, and cast down the battlement

1) Old Ed. has *some*.

of my p[a]lace ? Scogin said : I was doing your commandement. My commandement ! said the king. Yea, said Scogin, and it like your Grace : for yesterday you did command me upon paine of my life to looke out the hare that I did cast among your hounds, and I said I could not tell where I shoulde looke him ; and you said I must looke him as wel where he was not, as where he was ; and peradventure he is crept under the leads of this place, or else some other of your places ; and I will seeke and search all the places in England, but I will find out the hare. Nay, said the king, thou shalt not doe so : for I charge thee, upon paine of thy death, to goe out of my Realme, and to tread upon none of my ground here in England.

How *Scogin* in the French King's Court came to a Gentlewoman's doore, and whined like a dog,

WHEN Scogin was thus commanded by the King, hee got him into France into the French king's court, and there he jested. And first, there was a gentleman which made a gentlewoman promise to come to her bed at nine o'clock at night ; he did<sup>1</sup> promise to come to her chamber-doore, and would scrape and scratch at the doore like a dog, and

(1) Old Ed. has *did he*.

would whine. Scogin, hearing this bargain, before nine a clock came to the doore, and scrapt with his nailes, and did whine like a dog. Then the gentlewoman did rise and let him in. Within a little while after, the gentleman did come, and scrape and whine at the door like a dog. Scogin arose and went to the doore, and said : arre, arre, like another dog ; and after that the French gentlewoman did love an Englishman. Wherefore in such matters let a man make no body of his counsell, lest he be deceived.

How *Scogin* told the Frenchmen he would flye into England.<sup>1</sup>

ON a time, Scogin made the Frenchmen beleewe that he would flie into England, and did get him many goose-wings, and tyed them about his arms and legs, and went upon an high tower, and spread his armes abroad as though he would flie, and came downe againe, and said, that all his feathers were not fit about him, and that he would flie on the morrow. On the morrow hee got him up upon the tower, and there was much people gathered

(1) One of the adventures of Tyll Owlglass was a deception which he practised on the good people of Magdeburg, by giving out that on a certain day he would fly from the top of their town-house. In *Owlglass*, however, the tale runs differently. See the new English edition of *Eulenspiegel* by Mr. Mackenzie, 1860, p. 19.

together to see him flie. Scogin did shake his feathers, and said : all my feathers be not fit about me ; come to-morrow, and I will fly. On the morrow Scogin got upon the tower, and did shake his feathers, saying : goe home, fools, goe home ; trow you that I will breake my necke for your pleasure ? nay, not so. There was a Frenchman had indignation at Scogin, and he said : to-morrow you shall see mee flie to Paris. And he got him wings, and went upon the tower, and spread his wings abroad, and would have flowne, and fell downe into the mote under the tower. Every man was diligent to get the man out of the water, and Scogin did take him by the hand, and said : sir, you be welcome from Paris ; I thinke you have beene in a great raine. Here a man may see that one cannot have a shrewd turne in playing the foole, but he shall have a mocke for his labour.

How *Scogin* prayed to a Roode for an Hundred French Crownes.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN Scogin was at Paris, hee went to a church, & kneeled downe before the Rood, and made his prayers as hereafter followeth : O thou most blessed God, whom I have honored and served all

(i) Not in Thackeray's Ed.

my life, take so much pity on me, as to give me but a hundred french crowns : for now my need is so great, that I must needes have so much and no lesse, for if I have but one lesse, I will not take it. Scogin still continued his prayers, & wold have no lesse then a hundred french crowns. The Parson of the Church was in the Rood loft, & heard all his prayers, and thought hee would try him, whether hee would doe as hee said, or no ; and went and did stand behind the Rood, and cast downe before Scogin one French crowne. Scogin, seeing this, was glad, & said : O thou most blessed Lord, thou knowest that this will doe me but little pleasure. Scogin continued still in his prayers, & desired the Roode to cast him downe the rest, declaring what great need he had. At the last, when he saw there would no more be cast downe, he said : perchance, O Lord, thou hast no more money here now, and therefore I will take this in part of payment, till thou hast more store : for I know, O most blessed Lord, that thou art so pitifull<sup>1</sup> a Lord, that if thou hadst so much here, I should have it ; and then he tooke up the

(1) Compassionate or merciful. "And now advance forward, true men againste traitors, *pitiful* persons against murtherers, true inheritors against usurpers, &c."—*Proclamation of Henry VII. to his Army before the Battle of Bosworth*, printed (from Halle's *Chronicle*, 1548) in Mr. Halliwell's *Letters of the Kings of England*, i, 164.

french crowne, and went his way. When the Parson saw this, he repented him that he had cast downe the French crowne, and said: if I had thought thou wouldest have had it, I would not have cast it downe so easily.

How *Scogin* was new christened, and confirmed a Knave by the French bishop.

THERE was a bishop in France, which was of the French king's privy counsell. This bishop had a man whose name was Peter Arcadus. This Peter Arcadus favoured Scogin much, because he was so merry, insomuch that hee got Scogin to be his chamber-fellow, through whose procuration Scogin came in favour with the bishop. And on a time Scogin, in his jesting, said that the bishop's nose was so long, that hee could kisse no body; for which the bishop was angry, and commanded him to come no more within his gates. Then Scogin went and bought a couple of woodcocks,<sup>1</sup> and because he could not be suffered to come in at the bishop's gate, he got a long pole or rafter, the which he laide over the mote or ditch of the bishop's house, intending to come unto the bishop, and give him the woodcocks for a present. As

(1) Compare the *Merie Tales of Skelton*, No. vi, and *A C Mery Talys*, No. xl.

Scogin was halfe way over, the rafter slipt, and he fell into the mote. At last Scogin got out, and came in, where hee found the bishop at dinner, and said : if it please your honor, here I have brought you a couple of woodcockes. The bishop seeing him, said : why, thou knave, I commanded thee to come no more within my gates. Scogin said : I came not in at your gates, for I came over your mote, where I was new christened ; and now you have confirmed me a knave, so by this meanes I must needs be a knave. Therefore I desire you, my lord, not to be displeased, although I play the knave. Whereat the bishop and all that were in the house laughed ; and then the bishop said : I will pardon you for this time, so that hereafter you will be an honest man.

*How Scogin deceived a Doctor of Physicke.*

THERE was one Master Cranwood, a doctor of physicke in Paris, and hee in a morning did fetch from a goldsmith a silver cup, the which he had bargained for the day before, and he payed for it 26 French crowns : the which, when he came home, he delivered it to his wife, and bad her set it in her cubboord, and he told her hee would goe visit his patients. All this Scogin saw, and



drew so neere to the Doctor, that he heard what he did say to his wife. And when he was gone to his patients, Scogin went to the market, and bought a pickerell, for it was on a Friday, and came to Mistress Cranwood, the doctor's wife, and said : Mistresse, your husband here hath sent you a pickerell, which he doth desire you to make ready against dinner, for he intendeth to have one of his friends to dine with him to day, and he prayeth you to send him by me the silver cup that hee bid you to set up in your cubboord, for he will have the goldsmith grave his name in it. Mistresse Cranwood delivered to Scogin the cup, who incontinent went home to his chamber-fellow Peter,<sup>1</sup> and told him what hee had done. When the doctor came home, and did see such good cheere, hee asked his wife where shee had the pickerell. She smiled on him, and said : Sir, you know well enough, for you sent it mee in the morning by him that brought you your silver cup. Why, said the doctor, I sent you no pickerell, nor nobody brought me my silver cup. Yes, that you did, said his wife, for he that came for it said, that you would have your name graven in it. When the doctor did perceive that hee was deceived of his cup, he began to chafe with his wife, and at the

(1) Peter Arcadus. See p. 130.

last said : I trow he might well give a pickerell, seeing he hath for it my silver cup, which cost 26 crownes.

How *Scogin* and three or foure more deceived a  
Tapster.

ON a night, *Scogin* and his chamber-fellow, and two or three of the bishop's servants, being merrily disposed, consult how they might have good cheere and pay no money, and every one invented a way as they thought best. At last *Scogin* said : I have invented a cleanly shift. At the signe of the Crowne against Peter's church, is a new tapster, which ere this hath not seen any of us, and he is also purblind, so that if he see us hereafter he cannot know us. Therefore wee will goe thither, and make good cheere ; and when we have a reckoning, we will contend who shall pay all. Then will I say to avoid the contention, that the tapster shal be blinded, and we wil run round about him, and whosoever he catcheth first, let him pay for all, and so we may escape away. Every man liked *Scogin's* device best ; so in conclusion, they came thither, and had good cheere, for they spared no cost ; so that in the end their reckoning drew to

ten shillings. Then as Scogin had devised afore, they did. The tapster was blinded, so that they ran round about him, and first Scogin got out, and then another, so that at the last they got all away, and left the tapster groping in every place about the house for him that should pay the shot. The master of the house, being in a chamber next to the place where they were, and hearing the stamping that they made, came in to see what they did, whom the tapster caught in his arms, saying: Sir, you must pay the reckoning. Marry, said his master, so I think I must indeed, for here is nobody else to pay it. Then the tapster and his master sought and enquired for Scogin and the rest, but they could neither find them, nor hear newes of them.

*How Scogin deceived the Poulter's Wife.*

ON a time, the aforesaid bishop should feast divers French lords, and hee gave unto Peter Arcadus (Scogin's chamber-fellow) twenty French crownes to bestow at the poulter's, in feasant, partridge, plover, quaille, woodcocke, larke, and such other; and because Scogin's chamber-fellow had great busines to do, he wrote all such things as he would have bought in a bill, and desired Scogin to bestow the money, who was well contented:

When Scogin had this money, he imagined in his mind how hee might deceive some poulter, and so to have the money to himselfe. At last hee came to a poulter in Paris, and said: sir, it is so, that my master the abbot of Spilding doth feast a great many of his friends, and I must have so many of every sort of your wares, as is mentioned in this bill; therefore I pray you lay them out quickly, and let the bill be prised reasonably, and to-morrow in the morning I will fetch them, and you shall have your money. The wares were laid out and prised, and the sum came to six pounds and odde money. Then on the morrow Scogin did come to the poulter, and asked if every thing were ready. Yea, said the poulter, and here is your bill reasonably prised. Then, said Scogin, let somebody goe with me for to receive your money. The poulter said: my wife shal goe with you. Scogin went to S. Peter's church, where there was a priest that had on his Albe, and was ready to goe to masse. Scogin went to the priest and said: Master, here is a woman that will not bee perswaded that her husband ought to be her head, and I have brought her to you, to the intent you should perswade her. The priest said he would doe what he could. I thank you, said Scogin. Then Scogin came to the woman, and said: if you will have your money,

come to my Master, and heare what he doth say. Then Scogin came to the Priest, and said : Master, here is the woman ; will you dispatch her after masse is done ? Yea, said the priest. Then said Scogin to the woman : you heare what my master doth say ; therefore, I pray you send by me<sup>1</sup> some token whereby I may receive the wares. The woman sent by him<sup>2</sup> a true token, and then Scogin did hire two porters, and did fetch away all the wares from the poulter's house, and did carry it to his chamber. When masse was done, the priest called the poulter's wife unto him, and asked why she would not acknowledge her husband to be her head. Why, said the woman, I cannot tarry to reason of such matters ; therefore I pray you to pay me my money that I were gone. Wherefore, said the priest ? The woman said : for wares that your man hath received. What man, said the priest. He that spake to you when you went to masse. The priest said : he is none of my man, and he said to me, that you would not bee perswaded that your husband ought to be your head. What, Master Abbot, said the woman, you shal not mock me so ; I must have 6 pounds and 8 shillings of you for wares that your man hath received : for you promised to pay me when you went

(1) Old ed. has *me* by.(2) Old ed. has *him* by.

to masse. I am no abbot, said the priest, nor none of my men never received any thing of you, nor I promised nothing when I went to masse, but that I would perswade you to obey your husband, who ought to be your head ; and so the priest went his way. The woman, perceiving that shee was deceived, went home to see if Scogin had received the ware, and he had received them, and was gone an houre before. Then both she and her husband sought for Scogin, but they could not find him.

*How Scogin deceived the Draper.*<sup>1</sup>

WHEN Scogin should be made Master of Art, he wanted money to buy his apparell, and he mused in his mind what shift he might make. At last, he went to London to a draper, and said : sir, it is so that I have a master, which is Deane of Wels, and he would have foure gowne clothes of sundry colours ; but they must bee sad colours and fine cloath, and he must have three paire of hose clothes and lining ; and I pray you make me a bill of the price of every thing, and to-morrow you shall have money. On the morrow in the morning, Scogin went to Paul's Church, and he

(1) See *A C Mery Talys*, No. 39, and the *Conceits of Old Hobson*, 1607.

did see a lusty priest coming with two or three servants ; [and he] did ask where he might say masse. And when the place was appointed, Scogin did run to the draper, and said : sir, you must come or send one to receive your money ; for my master will say mass, and then in all haste he must goe to Westminster ; therefore let one of your servants cut off the cloth. The Draper and Scogin went to Paul's, and by that time the priest had on his albe, ready to goe to masse. Scogin went to the Priest, and sayd : master, it is so that I have a friend here which is troubled with a chin-cough, and he and I desire you that after masse he may have three sups of the chalice ; and for your paines he doth pray you to come to him to breakfast. The priest sayd : I am pleased ; I will do your desire. Then Scogin went to the draper, and said : sir, come and heare what my master doth say. Then Scogin said to the Priest : master, here is the gentleman, will you dispatch him when masse is done ? Yea, said the priest. Then said Scogin : here is your bill of accounts ; now send me to your servants by what token I shall receive that which my master hath bought. The draper said : by the same token that I did tell them yesternight that if they would not take heed in time, they would never thrive. Upon this token

all the stuffe was delivered to Scogin, and he caried it to the Carriers, and sent it to Oxford. When the masse was done, the priest called the draper, and said : gentleman, come hither to me ; if you will have 3 sups of the chalice, sit downe on your knees. Why, said the draper, should I sop of the Chalice, and wherefore shall I sit down on my knees ? Marry, sir, said the priest, your servant, as I suppose, did come to me before masse, saying that you had the chin-cough, and that you would have three sups of the chalice to be mended of your disease. The draper said : master Dean of Welles, you shall not mock me so ; I must have 13 pound of you for clothe that your servant hath of me for foure gown-clothes, three hose-clothes, and lining for them ; and here is a bill of every parcel, and you said before masse that I should have it. What ? said the priest. Money, said the merchant. Nay, not so, said the Priest, I am not Deane of Welles, nor I never bought nor sold with you ; you shall have no money of me, for I promised nothing before masse but 3 sups of the chalice, and if thou wilt have that, take it, or else fare ye well. A \*\*\*\* for thy 3 sups of the chalice, said the draper, give me my mony. I owe thee none, said the Priest, nor none shalt thou have of me. The merchant could



not tel what to say, but hied himselfe home to seeke for Scogin, which was gone. Then said the Draper: I trow wee have spun a faire threed; where is the man that should have the cloth? The servants said: sir, he hath it, and is gone. Which way, said the merchant? We cannot tel, said his servants. Why, said the draper, did you deliver him al the stuff? Yea, Sir, said they, be- because you sent us a true token. Then said the Draper: I would I had beene ware my selfe first, for if I make many such bargaines I shall never thrive.

How *Scogin* told a Shoemaker he was not at home.<sup>1</sup>

THERE was a shoemaker in Paris, which was a widower, and he was not very wise. Of him Scogin bought all his shooes, and on a time Scogin came to the shoemaker's house to speak with him. The shoemaker was at dinner, and bad his maid say that he was not at home. Scogin, by the maid's answer, perceived that her master was within, but for that time dissembled the matter, and went home. Shortly after, the shoemaker came

<sup>1</sup>) It is scarcely necessary to point out the antiquity of this story. See *Mery Tales and Quicke Answers*, No. 12.

to Scogin's chamber, and asked for him. Scogin, hearing the shoemaker enquire for him, said aloud: I am not at home. Then sayd the shoemaker: what, man, think you that I know not your voice? Why, said Scogin, what an dishonest man you are! When I came to your house, I beleevd your maid that said you were not at home, and you will not beleeve me mine owne selfe.

How the aforesaid Shoemaker gave *Scogin* forty shillings to have his house made greater.

THE aforesaid shoemaker married a rich widow, whereby his houshold was greatly encreased; and on a time Scogin came thither; and seeing that he had so many servants, and much household stuffe heapt up in every corner of his house, said that he had need have a greater house. Yea, said the shoemaker: I would spend forty shillings that the house were but three yards broder. Scogin said: give me the money, and you shal have it made as broad as you will. Hold, said the shoemaker, here is the money. Then Scogin caused one of the shoemaker's horses to be tied to the house side, and got a chaire with wheelles in the feet, wherein he bad the shoemaker sit, and sayd: when the house is as you would have it,

speak. Scogin bad one of the shoemaker's men that he should make the horse draw a little, and he himself stood behind the shoemaker, and ever as the horse drew, Scogin would pull the chaire to him, that the shoemaker did sit in, and asked him if the house were broad enough yet. The shoemaker, for the noise that the horse made with drawing, and for Scogin's talking, did not perceive how Scogin did pull the chaire, but thought that the horse did pull the house broader. When Scogin had drawn the chaire a good way, the shoemaker said : this is broad enough ; now let the other side be drawne out as much. Then Scogin tied the horse to the other side of the house, and turned the chaire, and caused the shoemaker to sit in it again, and did as he had done before, and drew the chaire a good way back, saying : is the house broad enough yet ? The shoemaker said : yea, I thank you, it is as broad as I would have it. Then Scogin bad the shoemaker's man set up his horse, and he tooke his chaire and went his way.

How the Shoemaker would have made his house greater, and brake downe the one side of it.

WITHIN two or three dayes after this, the shoemaker thought to make his house greater, and caused the

horse to be tyed to the house side again, and he himselfe sate down in a chayre in the midst of the house, to see when it was broad enough, and had one of his men to make the horse draw. The horse pulled, but the house was never the broader. Then the shomaker caused another horse to be tyed to the house side. Then both the horses drew so much, that they pulled down foure or five postes of the house, which caused the tiles to fall, so that the shoemaker's head was broken in two or three places. Then the shomaker was faine to bestow a great deale of money in mending his house, and at the Surgeons' for healing his head. After this he met with Scogin, and told him what a great mischance hee had. Why, said Scogin, when it was well, you could not let it alone.

How *Scogin* told the French King he could not doe two things at once.

ON a time, the French king and Scogin did ride together, and the king said to Scogin : why doest thou not speak ? Why, sir, said Scogin, will you have me doe two things at once ? will you have me ride and speak too ? Nay, said he, that were too much : for it is hard to serve two Lords and two masters, and please both the parties.

How the French King had *Scogin* into his house of office, & shewed him the King of England's picture.<sup>1</sup>

ON a time, when the French King went to his stoole, he did take *Scogin* with him. Then said the French King to *Scogin*: looke behind thee, who is pictured on the wall. *Scogin* looked, & said: it is a faire picture. The king said: thou maist see what I doe make of a picture of thy king. *Scogin* beheld the picture of the King of England, & said to the French king: Jesu Christ! here is a wonderfull thing! What would you doe, if you did see the King of England in the face as he is, when that for feare you doe \*\*\*\*\* your-selfe, when that you looke but upon a picture of him? Then the French king banished *Scogin* out of France, & he came into England againe.

How *Scogin* put French earth in his shoes, and came to England.<sup>2</sup>

WHEN *Scogin* was banished out of France, he filled his shooes full of French earth, and came into England, and went into the king's court, and

(1) This jest is not in Thackeray's ed.

(2) This story is told, before *Scogin*'s time, of Gonella, fool to Nicolo, Count of Este, and afterward to his son Borso, Duke of Ferrara (1441). See also Mr. Mackenzie's *Owlglass*, 1860, p. 40.

as soone as he came to the court, the king said to him : I did charge thee that thou shouldest never tread upon my ground of England. It is true, said Scogin, and no more I doe. What ! traytor, said the king, whose groūd is that thou standest on now ? Scogin said : I stand upon the French king's ground, and that you shall see ; and first he put off the one shooe, and it was full of earth. Then said Scogin : this earth I brought out of France. Then said the king : I charge thee never to looke me more in the face.

How *Scogin* came to Cambridge, and how hee deceived the poore folkes.<sup>1</sup>

AFTER the King had commanded Scogin to looke him no more in the face, hee went to Cambridge, and through one Master Everid that was his friend, he got him a chamber in Jesus Colledge. So, on a time about midsummer faire, he lacked money, and at last he got him a paire of crutches, and a patched Cloake, and took a coard, and bound up one of his legs behind him, and went to Barnwell with his crutches, like as if he had lacked one leg, and came among the poor folkes like a stout beggar. And after he had beene there a

(1) This story is not in Thackeray's ed.

little while, hee would needes keepe all the money that was gotten, and at the end of the faire he said, it should be parted equally among them all. At last with much adoe they were contented ; so, when the faire was almost ended, Scogin said to the poore folke : I must goe into that corne and ease me, and I will come againe by and by. Scogin went into a Rye land, and put off his cloake, and untied the coard that he had bound his leg with, and ranne as fast as he could to Jesus College. The poore folkes espied him, and followed after him as fast as they could ; some, that had not gone without crutches a long time before, had almost overtaken him. Scogin was there before them, and had the key of his chamber, and had put on other apparell by that time the poore folkes come to the Colledge, and were searching in every place for him. At last Scogin came out of his chamber, and said : what doe you all here ? Marry, said they, there is a naughty man that hath deceived us of all that wee have gotten this Faire time, and hee came ronning into this College ; and for him doe we seeke. What manner of man is he ? said Scogin. Sir, said one of them, if your master-ship would not bee angry, I would say you were as like him as any man might be. Well, said Scogin, you must get you away : for you let us of

our study. The poore folkes went their way, cursing him a hundred times that had so deceived them.

How *Scogin* rode to Newcastle with Master *Everid*,  
and what talke hee had with a fellow that kept  
oxen.

AFTER that Scogin had beene at Cambridge a little while, his friend Master Everid would goe to Newcastle (to take possession of certain houses), and he said to Scogin : if you will goe with me to Newcastle, I will beare your cost and charges. Scogin was content, and went with him ; and when they were within twelve miles of Newcastle, Scogin did see a fellow that was keeping of Oxen, that sat under a bush clouting of his shooes. Scogin said to the fellow : how far is it to Newcastle ? I cannot tell, said the fellow. Then said Scogin : what is it a clock ? The fellow said, hee could not tell. Then said Scogin : what town is this before us ? I cannot tell, said the fellow. Then Scogin thought he had beene a foole, and said : didst thou not see an empty cart come by this way, with two great milstones in it ? The fellow said : no. Then Scogin laughed, and was riding away. The fellow called him again, and said :



sir, I did not see no such cart as you aske for come this way, but here came a naked boy by, with a white loaf in his bosom and a straw in his \*\*\*\* to picke your teeth. Scogin rode his way, and said nothing ; whereat Master Everid and his men laughed.

What shift *Scogin* made for Bootes, and how hee deceived two Shoomakers.

WHEN Scogin should ride home againe, his boots were nought, and hee could not tell what shift to make. At last hee devised what he might do : whereupon he sent his man for a shoemaker to bring him a pair of bootes. The shoemaker brought the bootes, and when he had pulled on the right foot boot, and was pulling on the other boot, Scogin said it was marvellous strait, and that it did pinch his leg ; wherefore he prayed him to cary it home, and set it on the laste an houre or two : for (quoth he) I have a thing to write, that will hold mee two hours ; and all that time I will sit and write, and keepe this other boot on my leg still, until that be ready. The shoemaker tooke the boot and went home, as Scogin had bidden him. When the shoemaker was gone, he sent his man for another shoemaker, and caused

one to pull off the boot, which the first shoemaker had pulled on. When the other shoemaker was come, Scogin caused him to pull on the left boot ; and when he was pulling on the right foot boot, Scogin found fault with it, as he did with the first shoemaker, and sent him away in like sort. When he was gone, he caused his man to make ready their horses, and hee pulled on the boote againe, which the first shoemaker had left behinde him, and so he rode away with the two boots of two shoemakers. Shortly after, the shoemakers came and enquired for Scogin ; but he and his man were gone almost an hour before.

How *Scogin* overtooke a Priest, and kept company with him, and how he and the Priest prayed for money.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN Scogin and his man had ridden ten or twelve miles on their way, hee overtooke a Priest that was riding to London, to pay his first fruits, with whom hee kept company, untill he came to Stamford ; and all that way as they rode, Scogin made the Priest very good cheere, and would let him pay no money, so that Scogin had but two

(1) The incident here is similar to one narrated in the *Life of Robin Hood*, printed from MS. Sloane 715 in Thoms' *Early Prose Romances*, 1828, vol. ii. The present anecdote is omitted in Thackeray's ed.

shillings left ; and riding betweene Stamford and Huntington, Scogin complayned him to the Parson in this sort. I marvell, master Parson (quoth he), how men doe when they want money, to get it : for when I want money, I know not how to get any, except I should steale. No, no, said the Priest, doe you not know that they that serve God well, doe not want, and how that God promiseth, that if you call upon him in your afflictions, that he will helpe you ? You say well, master Parson, said Scogin, and rode before ; and when hee saw a faire place, he kneeled downe, and lifted up his hands, and prayed to God, till Master Parson and his man did overtake him ; but nothing hee could get. When they were come, hee told them he prayed, but could get nothing. But (quoth he) I will try once againe, and then if I can get nothing, both you, master Parson, and my man shall helpe me to pray ; for I doe not doubt but God will helpe something, when hee heareth all our prayers. And then Scogin did ride before againe, and when hee saw his place convenient, he alighted him from his horse, and tyed him to a tree, and kneeled downe, and prayed as hee had done before until such time as they came to him. Then said the Parson : how doe you now, master Scogin ? By my troth, said he, I can get nothing ; wherefore

alight, sirra, quoth hee to his man, and tie your horse to yonder tree ; and then hee went to the Parson, and tooke his horse by the bridle, and told him hee must needes helpe him to pray. The Parson for feare durst not say him nay, but alighted, and tooke his capcase from the saddle-bow, wherein was fifty pounds. Then Scogin asked his man how much money he had in his purse. He sayd : twenty pence. By my troth, said Scogin, and I have but two shillings ; and how much have you, Master Parson ? said hee. The Parson thought that if hee had told him all, hee would surely have borrowed a good part of it, and he said : five pounds. Well, let us pray hartily, said Scogin ; and then they kneeled downe, and prayed for the space of halfe an houre ; and Scogin said : let us see whether God have heerd our request, or no. And then he looked to his owne purse, where was but two shillings, and then hee looked to his man's purse, where was but twenty pence. Then Scogin came to the Parson, and said : now, Master Parson, let us see what you have ; for I doe not doubt but God hath heard our prayers ; and tooke the Priest's capcase and opened it, wherein was a bag with fifty pounds in it, which the Parson should have paid for his first fruits. Then Scogin spread his cloake abroad, and powred out the money ; and

when hee had told it, hee said : by [our] Lady ! Master Parson, God hath heard our prayer. And then hee gave him five pounds, and said : master Parson, here is the five pound that thou had before wee began to pray, and the rest we will have : for I see that you are so well acquainted with God that with praying halfe an houre you can get as much more ; and this will doe us great pleasure ; and it is but a small matter for you to pray halfe an houre. The Parson desired Scogin to let him have the rest of the money, for hee said that hee did ride to London to pay his first fruits. Well, said Scogin, then you must pray againe ; for wee will have this. And so they rode away, and left the Priest behind them ; and the Priest was faine to ride home againe for more money.

How *Scogin* came to the Court like a monstrous Beast, and should have been hanged.

SCOGIN was weary of Cambridge, and could not tell how to doe, because the king had commanded him to looke him no more in the face. At last he got him a Bear's foot and an Oxe foot, and tyed them under his feet. Then he took a horse foot in one of his hands, and his other hand served for another foot ; and Scogin lay about the

court, and on a certaine night there fell a snow. Scogin, within half a mile of the king's palace, went with his aforesaid three feet and his hand, which served for the fourth foot; and when he had set a circuit, he went into an old house, where there was an oven, and he crept into it, and set out his \*\*\*\*. In the morning the trace of this monstrous beast was found, and well was he that might first come to the Court to tell the King what a monstrous beast this should bee; that the one foot was like a Beares' foot, and the other like an Oxe foot, and the other foot like a horse foot, and the other like a mans' hand. As soone as the king heard of it, he called his hunters to goe with him to find out the trace of this monstrous beast; and that found, there was a great yelping of hounds and blowing of hornes; and at last the hounds did come to a bay. The King and the Lords pricked forth their geldings, and rode to the old house; and looked into the oven, and Scogin did set out his bare \*\*\*\*. What knave is this, said the king? I, sir, said Scogin, whom you charged not to look you in the face, wherefore I must needs turne my \*\*\*\* to you. Well, knave, said the king, thou shalt bee hanged for this pranke doing. Scogin leapt out of the oven, and pulled up his breech, and said: I desire your

Grace, if I shall be hanged, let me chuse the tree I shall be hanged on. I am content, sayd the king. Foure men were appointed to hang Scogin. Scogin had provided a bottle of wine, and sucket, and marmalade, and greene ginger; and said to them that should hang him: masters, the King's Grace hath given me license (as you know) to chuse what manner of Tree I shall hang on, and in the forrest of Windsor be goodly trees, and thither will I goe. Scogin went before them, and ever looked upon many okes and trees, and ever was eating of his sucket and marmalade, and greene ginger, and dranke still on his bottle, saying: God knoweth, the pangs of death are dry. When night was come, and the men being all day without meate or drinke, fainted, and said: good Scogin, the night draweth on, and we have eaten no meat to-day, and where we shall lye to night we cannot tell: chuse one tree or other to bee hanged on; o masters, said Scogin, make no haste for my hanging, for it would grieve the best of you all to bee hanged. Scogin wandred about here and there, untill it was a good while within night. Then said Scogin: here is a faire tree, let us goe lye under it all night. The men said: wee are so faint, that we cannot tell what to doe. Well, said Scogin, you seeme to bee honest men; goe

to your King and have me commended to him ; and tell him that I will never chuse a tree to bee hanged on : and so fare you well. Hee is a mad man that may save his owne life, and will kill himselfe.<sup>1</sup>

How *Scogin* asked the King and Queen forgiveness.

SCOGIN seeing that he had lost the favour of the King and Queene, hee mused how he might be pardoned of the King and of the Queene. Hee heard say that the King would ride a progress, and at a convenient place, Scogin said to his servant : cast a coverlet over me, and say that I am dead, and say that, at my departure, I desired thee to pray to the King and Queen to forgive me. When the King and Queene did come by, Scogin lying under the coverlet by the high way, his servant said : here doth lye Scogin dead, and when hee departed, hee prayed both your Graces to forgive him. Now (said the King and Queen) God forgive him, and wee do. Scogin start up, and sayd : I do thank both your Graces, and hereafter I will no more displease you : for I see it is more harder to keepe a friend, then to get one.

(1) As to the antiquity of this story, see Dr. Doran's *History of Court Fools*, 1858, p. 129.



How *Scogin* told the Queene what a great study he was in.<sup>1</sup>

AFTER that Scogin had got his pardon of the King and of the Queen, as it is rehearsed, he used honest jesting with the King and Queen ; and on a time before the Queene hee stood in a great study. Whereon doth thou muse, Scogin, said the Queene ? Muse ! said Scogin ; I am musing on a matter that would trouble any mans braines living : for it maketh mee to sweat on the browes to bring it to passe. Tell me, said the Queene, the matter. I shall, said Scogin. Every man telleth me, that our Parson is my ghostly father, and that the Church is my Mother ; then would I faine know, what kin I am to the steeple. The Queene said : thou must needs be alianced to the steeple. I thanke your Grace, said Scogin : for you have brought mee out of a great doubt.

How divers Gentlemen of the Court came to  
*Scogin's* house to make merry.

ON a time divers Gentlemen of the Court said to Scogin : Gentle master Scogin, wee would laugh, and therefore we will come to your house to make

(1) This section is omitted in Thackeray's ed.

merry, and wee will tarry all night, so that you will provide for vs beds and horse meat. You shall not lacke, said Scogin. The Gentlemen came to Scogin's house, thinking that Scogin had provided all things necessary for them. When they were come to his house, there was no manner of provision, neither for horse meat, man's meat, nor lodging. Scogin, seeing his friends were come to his house, said : Masters, you be welcome, and that is the best cheere that I have ; and as for meat for you, I have it not at this time, but onely an apple, and therefore I pray you not to be discontented, considering the old proverbe in Latine is :

*Dat pira vel poma,  
Qui non habet alia dona.* (x)

The which is to say, he that hath no other gift, must give an apple or peare. I say, sayd Scogin, I have at this time no better cheare ; therefore, I pray you, bee contented with your fare. Why, said the Gentlemen, have you meat for our horses ? Masters all, said Scogin, I have a house, but I have no land ; I have neither hay, grass, nor corn, nor pasture, unlesse it bee in the Church-yard, and there I have seven foot that I doe challenge ; therefore let your horses goe there. Then said the

(x) In old ed. these lines run on ; but as *poma* and *dona* seemed to be a feeble attempt at rhythm, a metrical arrangement, as above, was thought preferable.

Gentlemen : how shall wee doe for our beds and lodgings? Masters all, said Scogin, as for beds, care not : for I have enough for you all. Then wee care not, said the Gentlemen. Hast thou, beside thy apple, any drink ? Yea, said Scogin, as good as any is in the well. Why then, said the Gentlemen, bring us to our beds. I will, said Scogin, which did bring them to his garden, saying : Masters, choose every man his lodging in these beds : for these bee the best beds that I have. Then one Gentlemen said : wee came hither to laugh, but I suppose wee shall weepe, e're wee have done. Here a man may see that the thing which men doe propose,<sup>1</sup> God doth dispose, and let no man thinke that there was never so great a flood, but there may bee as low an ebbe ; and in this case is to be considered, that no man can aske more of a man, than hee is able to doe.

How *Scogin* fell sicke of a perillous cough.<sup>2</sup>

THE time was come that Scogins dayes drew to an end, who was infected with a perillous cough. His Physitians did counsel him neither to eat cheese nor nuts. And why so? said Scogin. The

(1) Old ed. has *suppose*.

(2) This and the following story are not in Thackeray's ed.

Physitian said : for such things doe cause and pro-  
voke coughing. Nay, said Scogin, that cannot be  
so : for a sheepe doth neither ete cheese nor nuts,  
and there is no beast living that hath the cough so  
much. Then said the Physitian : if they did or  
could eat it, such things would augment and  
increase their infirmity. Wherefore it is good to  
refraine from contagious meats and drinkes, ac-  
cording to the infirmity of a man's disease.

How *Scogin* was shriven and hosted.

*Scogins* sicknesse increased more and more, and he  
sent for the Priest to be shriven and hosted. The  
Priest, comming to him with the sacrament of the  
Altar, said : Master Scogin, here I have brought to  
you our blessed Lord God in forme of bread, that  
dyed on the Crosse for all sinners ; doe you  
believe in him ? Yea, said Scogin, or else would I  
were burnt at a stake. Then said the Priest : e're  
you doe receive Him, you must be contrite of your  
offences, and bee shriven, and recognise your selfe  
a sinner. That wil I gladly, said Scogin. Hee  
being shriven, and beeing penitent, received the  
Sacrament devoutly ; and that done, Scogin said :  
good Lord, I doe thanke thee for all thy benefits ;  
but, masters, I tell you all that stand about mee, if

I might live to eate a Christmasse pye, I care not then if I dye by and by after : for Christmasse pyes be good meat. Here is to be noted that a man is loath to dye, although there be no remedy; and he that can reioyce him in God, and in mirth without sin, that man is happy.

How *Scogin* desired that hee might bee buried at the East side of Westminster.

SCOGIN waxing sicker and sicker, his friends advertised him to make his Testament, and to shew where he would lye after hee was dead. Friends, said Scogin, when I came into this world, I brought nothing with me, and when I shall depart out of this world, I shall take nothing away but a sheet; take you the sheet, and let me have the beginning againe naked. And if you cannot doe this for me, I pray you that I may be buried at the East side of Westminster, under one of the spouts of the leads: for I have ever loved good drinke all the dayes of my life: and there he was buried, whereas now the most ancient and sapient King Henry the seventh did build the most sumptuous Chappell in the world, whereas the said sapient King doth lye, as it beseemeth an armipotent Prince and King to lye.

What *Scogin* said when the holy candle was put in  
his hand.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN the extreame pangs of death came vpon  
Scogin, the holy Candle was put in his hand to  
blesse himselfe. When Scogin had done so, in  
surrend'ring thanks to God, hee said : now the  
Proverbe is fulfilled, that he that worst may, shall  
hold the Candle : for ever the weakest is thrust to  
the wall.

(1) This concluding paragraph is deficient in Thackeray's ed.

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